★ July 23, 1932

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

Antonio Petruccelli

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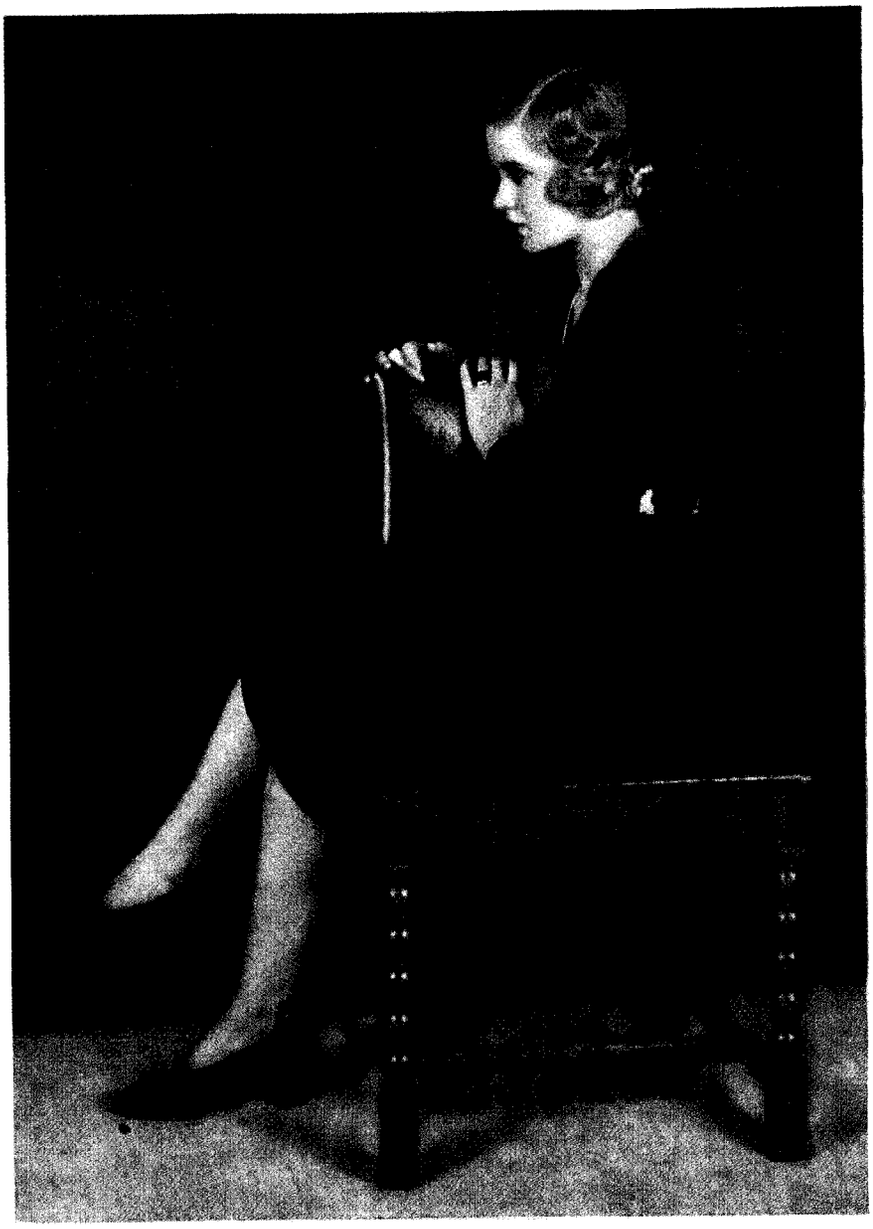

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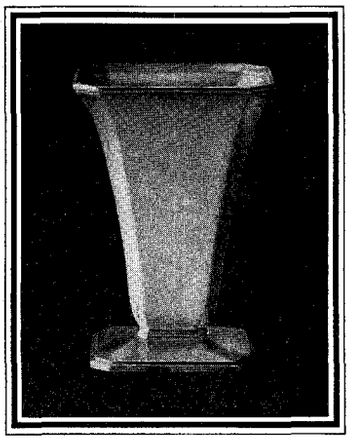

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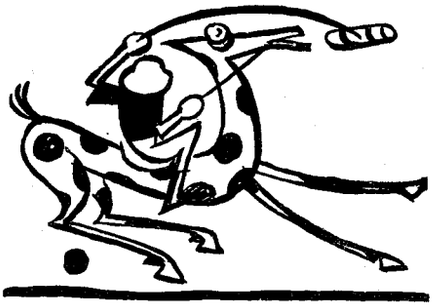
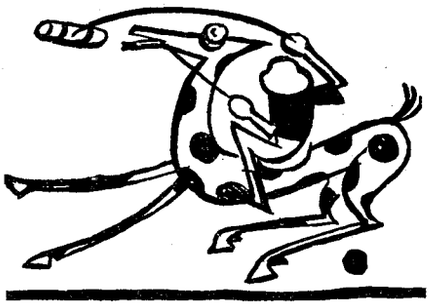


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 30. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANOTHER LANGUAGE—A picture of tribal life among the Babbitts which combines stark truth with real entertainment. Glenn Anders, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Wycherly, John Beal, and Margaret Hamilton are in it. (Booth, 45, W. 8:50 P.M. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

BRIDAL WISE—Some very amusing deviltry on the part of two youngsters, mixed up with a story of divorce and remarriage, with Madge Kennedy and James Rennie as the grown-ups. Good for a lot of laughs. (Cort, 48, E. 8:40 P.M.)

WITH MUSIC

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE—Very nice. Not much to laugh at, but a great deal of pleasant music by Jerome Kern to listen to. Georges Metaxa, Bettina Hall, Doris Carson, and Odette Myrtil. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

OF THEE I SING—The reigning musical success, which makes monkeys of the National Government at Washington in a manner sometimes brilliant, sometimes tiresome. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize. With William Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Lois Moran. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SHOW BOAT—A revival of what is probably the best musical comedy of recent times, with a cast including Dennis King, Charles Winninger, Helen Morgan, Norma Terris, Puck and White, and Paul Robeson. Don't miss it. (Casino, 7 Ave. at 50.)

SUMMER STOCK

(Country theatres, with Broadway players in new and old plays. Curtains at 8:45 P.M., no matinées, except when otherwise specified below.)

THE HAMPTON PLAYERS—"Crazy American," a new play by Charles Walker: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. (Parrish Memorial Hall, Herrick Rd., Southampton, L.I. 9 P.M.) . . . Wed., July 27. (Guild Hall, Main St., East Hampton. 9 P.M.) . . . Thurs., July 28. (Quogue Field Club. 9 P.M.) . . . Fri., July 29. (Westhampton Country Club. 9 P.M.)

HARMON—"Strictly Dishonorable," with Tullio Carminati and Margaret Sullavan: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. (Croton River Playhouse, Albany Post Rd., adjacent to Nikko Inn, Harmon, N.Y.)

HUNTINGTON—The Charles Hopkins Theatre Company. Henry Hull in "Springtime for Henry": Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. (Huntington High School Theatre, E. Main St., Huntington, L.I. Mats. Sat. and Wed. 2:40 P.M.)

MILLBROOK—"The Fall Guy," by James Gleason and George Abbott, with Eric Dressler: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. Philip Barry's "Paris Bound": Mon. through Sat., July 25-30. (Millbrook Theatre, Millbrook, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 P.M.)

MOUNT KISCO—A revival of Edward Knoblock's "The Faun," with Day Tuttle: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. "The Fall Guy," same production as at Millbrook: Mon. through Sat., July 25-30. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Old Bedford Rd., Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Mats. Fridays 2:30 P.M.)

NEWPORT—"There's Always Juliet," with Edith Barrett and Tom Powers: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. "Hobson's Choice," by Harold Brighouse, with Lee Patrick, Ernest Cossart, and Whitford Kane: Tues. through Sat., July 26-30. (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. 8:15 P.M.; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

NYACK—Rockland Producing Company. "Death Takes a Holiday": Fri., July 22. (Broadway Theatre, Nyack, N.Y., Route 9W.)

RED BANK—The Monmouth County Players. "Coquette," with McKay Morris, Ross Alexander, and Jean Arthur: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. (Red Bank Auditorium, Broad St., near junction of State Highway 35, Red Bank, N.J. 9 P.M.)

SCARBOROUGH—"The Last Judgment," a new play by Eduardo Ciannelli and Gennaro Curci, with Eugene Powers: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. "Blow Whistles," a new play by Sarah Atherton, with Joanna Roos: Wed. through Sat., July 27-30. (Beechwood Theatre, Albany Post Rd., Scarborough, N.Y.)

STOCKBRIDGE—"A Bill of Divorcement," with Janet Beecher and Claude Rains: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. Edouard Bourdet's "Just Out," with Patricia Collinge and Walter Kingsford: Mon. through Sat., July 25-30. Ted Shawn and his dancers will give a recital Sat. Aft., July 23. (Berkshire Playhouse, Main St., Stockbridge, Mass.)

WESTPORT—The New York Repertory Company, with June Walker, Osgood Perkins, Elizabeth Risdon, Armina Marshall, and others. "For Husbands Only": Fri., Sat., Wed., and Thurs., July 22, 23, 27, and 28. "Thoroughbred": Mon. and Tues., July 25 and 26. "Chrysalis": Fri. and Sat., July 29 and 30. (Country Playhouse, Boston Post Rd., Westport, Conn.)

WHITE PLAINS—"The Vinegar Tree," with Cecilia Loftus: Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. Alice Brady in "Rain": Mon. through Sat., July 25-30. (Westchester County Center, Bronx River P'kway at Central Ave., White Plains, N.Y.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 4-3034)—This flowery rendezvous in the People's Park has Eddy Duchin's ha-cha orchestra.*

EL GARRÓN, 159 W. 49 (Circle 7-2627)—This popular after-theatre place now offers Irving Gitlin's dance music and amusing songs by Deslys and Clark.*

PIERRE ROOF, 5 Ave. at 61 (Regent 4-5901)—Dinner and supper dancing in an attractive restaurant forty-two stories above the town. Music by William Scotti's orchestra.*

ST. REGIS ROOF, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 3-4500)—People who have the St. Regis habit never seem to get over it. Music by Dick Gasparre's orchestra and the Argentinians. Dances by Dario and Diane at midnight.*

STARLIGHT ROOF, Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (Eldorado 5-3000)—Cool, romantic, and as nearly chic as any roof can be in summer. Jack Denny and his orchestra play for dinner and supper dancing.*

MORE ROOFS—Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43 (Murray Hill 2-7920), where you will find Paul Whiteman and his orchestra.* . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn Heights (Main 4-8100), a fine view of the harbor and lower Manhattan, with Freddy Martin's orchestra. . . . St. Moritz Sky Salon, 50 Central Pk. S. (Wickersham 2-5800), with Harold Stern's excellent dance music.*

Other hotel roofs: Astor, B'way at 44, cool and spacious with good food; McAlpin, B'way at 34, Eddie Lane's orchestra; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55, Noble Sissle's band; and Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33, Buddy Rogers' orchestra. . . . Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45 (open for dinner only); and Hotel New Yorker Summer Terrace, 8 Ave. at 34, aren't roofs but are cool and airy.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—With no cover charge and plenty of revue at dinner and supper time: Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48 (Chickering 4-2572).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—With that Villagy touch and not very expensive: The Greenwich Village Inn, 5 Sheridan Sq.; The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker.

HARLEM—You'll have to find the rough and low-down dives for yourself; but two of the established and well-known places are: The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142 (Bradhurst 2-1687); and Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131 (Tillinghast 5-6630). Revues at 12:30 and 2 A.M.

SPANISH ATMOSPHERE—El Gaucho, 245 Sullivan at Wash. Sq. (Spring 7-0875), small and intimate, with very rumba atmosphere.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(An hour's drive, more or less, from Times Sq., and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000)—Dining and dancing on the outdoor terrace.

CALAIS, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 5128)—With Jean Malin's clowning as the main attraction. Revues at 7:30, midnight, and 2 A.M.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway (City Island 8-1763)—George Olsen and his mu-

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sic, with a circusy show at dinner and supper time.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I. (Valley Stream 1308)—Guy Lombardo and his orchestra, and good food.

POST LODGE, Boston Post Rd., Larchmont, N.Y. (Larchmont 2660)—Arthur Hand's Westchester rendezvous, with Ernie Holst's stimulating dance music.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd. at Pelham P'kway (Talmadge 2-9818)—Art Jarrett now wields a baton over the orchestra here.

NOTES—Leon Belasco's orchestra plays for Charlie Journal's Montmartre Supper Club, every Fri. Eve. from 10 P.M., at Vivian Johnson's, Monmouth Beach, N.J. (Monmouth Beach 2298).

For dinner only (no dancing): Henri's, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I. (Lynbrook 759), recommended for exquisite cuisine; expensive.

Coney Island jaunters in search of seafood and dancing might try: Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay; or Feltmans' Maple Gardens, Surf Ave., Coney Island.

MOTION PICTURES

BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE—The Malayan jungle, according to Frank Buck, with a lively cast of wild beasts and reptiles. (Palace, B'way at 47; Fri., July 22, last day; continuous from 11 A.M. Also, R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; and 81st Street, B'way at 81; Sat. through Tues., July 23-26; continuous from 11 A.M.)

THE DOOMED BATTALION—Just another war story, but redeemed by unusual scenes of skiing and fighting in the Tyrol. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Thurs. and Fri., July 28 and 29; continuous from 1 P.M.)

FREAKS—Some bypaths of circus life. Not for the hypersensitive. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; continuous from 10 A.M.)

GRAND HOTEL—Evidently there are still people who haven't been to this Garbo film. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M. daily; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

WINNER TAKE ALL—A lively picture about the boxing world, with Cagney as the challenger. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat. through Mon., July 23-25; continuous from 1 P.M.)

NOTE—"The Public Enemy," with James Cagney, will be revived at the Little Picture House, 151 E. 50, Mon., July 25, only; continuous from 2 P.M.

Also recommended, if you run across them: "As You Desire Me," a curious Pirandello play, with Garbo; "The Dark Horse," political farce, with Guy Kibbee and Warren William; "Scarface," the underworld picture of the season, with Paul Muni.

Newsreels at the Embassy, B'way at 46 (continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight); and at the Trans-Lux Theatres, Madison at 58, and B'way between 49 and 50 (continuous from 11 A.M. to midnight).

ART

AMERICANS—A group of young Americans one step down from the moderns: Rehn, 683 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Paintings and water colors by the middle group of Americans, including Lawson, Schnakenberg, Marsh, Luks, du Bois, Beal, etc.: Kraushaar, 680 5 Ave. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Group show of French Impressionists, for the summer: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 4 P.M.

MASTERS—"The Taste of Today in Masterpieces of Painting before 1900." Represented are Titian, Tintoretto, El Greco, Brueghel, Rubens, Corot, Delacroix, Renoir, Gauguin, Van Gogh, etc.: Gallery D-6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

MIXED—French moderns, and Americans, including Picasso, Dufy, Lurçat, Derain, Matisse, Eilshemius, Stella, Bouché, etc.: Valentine, 69 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

MODERN—Summer show of paintings and sculpture, with special loans from private collections: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—A selected group covering six centuries, including Dürer, Rembrandt, Forain, Daumier, Zorn, and many others. Also, a complete set of the "Cries of London" in color: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

WHITNEY—Paintings, sculpture, water colors, and prints, from the permanent collection, on view for the summer: Whitney Museum of American Art, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays (except Mon.) 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, concerts nightly at 8:30. Van Hoogstraten conducting through Mon., July 25. Coates will conduct beginning Tues., July 26; Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:45, and Sun. Eve. at 8:30, on Central Park Mall (72 St. entrance). . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:45, on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

NEW YORK ORCHESTRA—Altschuler conducting. Fri. Eve., July 22, and Tues. through Fri. Eves., July 26-29, at 8:30: George Washington Stadium, St. Nicholas Ave. at 194. (Take B'way subway to W. 191 St. Sta.)

TOSCANINI FUND CONCERTS—Free concerts, primarily for students, arranged by the Musicians' Emergency Aid. Jaffrey Harris conducting: Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122, Mon. Eve., July 25, at 8; City College Great Hall, Convent Ave. at 138, Tues. Aft., July 26, at 3:30; Hunter College Chapel, Lexington at 68, Wed. Aft., July 27, at 1:30.

ON THE AIR

N.B.C. CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Sodero conducting: nightly (except Sun. and Wed.) at 11:15, over WJZ.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Barlow conducting: nightly (except Sat. and Sun.) at 11:30; Sun. Aft. at 3; over WABC.

BERLIN TEACHERS' MALE CHORUS—Broadcast from Frankfurt, Germany: Sat. Aft., July 23, at 4, over WABC.

LITTLE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—James conducting: Sat. Eves., July 23 and 30, at 8, over WOR.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Sat. and Sun. Eves., July 23 and 24, at 8:30, over WABC.

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., July 23 and 30, at 9; Sun. Eve., July 24, at 9:15; and Tues. Eve., July 26, at 9:30, over WJZ.

TOSCANINI FUND CONCERTS—Harris conducting: Tues. Aft., July 26, at 3:30, over WABC; Wed. Aft., July 27, at 1:30, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Boston, Fri., July 22, at 3:15 P.M., and Sat., July 23, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Sun., July 24, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.) . . . At Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Tues. through Thurs., July 26-28, doubleheaders at 1:30 P.M., and Fri., July 29 at 3:20 P.M.; Giants vs. Cincinnati, Sat., July 30, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

BOXING—Paulino Uzcudun vs. Ernie Schaaf, heavyweights: Madison Square Garden Bowl, Northern Blvd. at 45th St., Long Island City, Mon. Eve., July 25; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take I.R.T.-Flushing subway from Times Sq. or Grand Central to Bliss St. Sta.; or L.I.R.R. from Penn. Sta. to Woodside.)

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N. Y., Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. . . . Long Island Open Championship, Garden City Country Club, Garden City, L.I., Mon. through Thurs., July 25-28.

HORSE SHOWS—Southampton Riding & Hunt Club Show, Southampton, L.I., Sat., July 30. . . . Westchester Country Club Horse Show, Rye, N.Y., Sat., July 30.

POLO—At Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N.J.: Junior Championship final, Sat. Aft., July 23, at 4. Herbert Memorial Cup Tournament play, Fri. Aft., July 22, at 5; Sun. Aft., July 24, at 4; Mon. and Wed. Afts., July 25 and 27, at 5. Entries are Aiken, Bahadurs, Austin, Templeton, Sands Point, and U. S. Army. . . . High-goal play, Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sun. Aft. at 4, weather permitting.

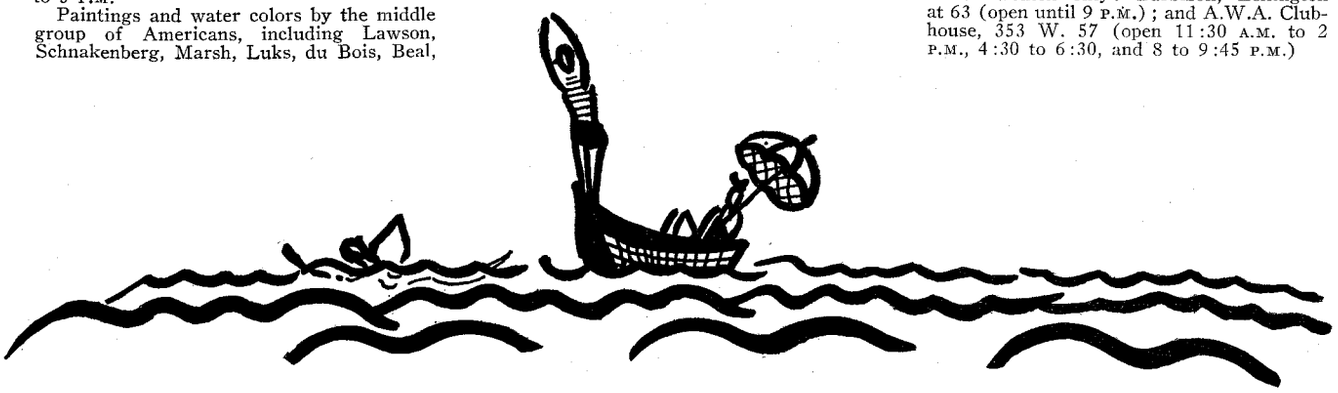
RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers and Mt. Vernon: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., through Sat., July 30. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 2 P.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Men's Doubles, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., Sat. and Sun., July 23 and 24. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis & Cricket Club, Seabright, N.J., Mon. through Sat., July 25-30.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week, last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 22 and 23. . . . Riverside Yacht Club races, Sat. Aft., July 30.

NOTE—Some conveniently located swimming pools in Manhattan are: Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.); Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight); and London Terrace, 470 W. 24 (open until 11 P.M.). The St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) may be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta.

For women only: Barbizon, Lexington at 63 (open until 9 P.M.); and A.W.A. Clubhouse, 353 W. 57 (open 11:30 A.M. to 2 P.M., 4:30 to 6:30, and 8 to 9:45 P.M.)



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Science *proves* OLD GOLD COOLEST throat-easiest cigarette

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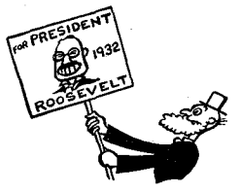
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A MAN who knows this country backward and forward, and who has been travelling around with his ears open, tells us that there is one depressing angle to Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy—or it may be an encouraging angle, if you look at it that way. It seems that a lot of people in Darke County, Ohio, and in Kansas, Louisiana, Oregon, etc., think that one of the candidates for President this fall is the late Theodore Roosevelt, a man who, they feel, is greatly needed at the helm of State in these times. These people include, says our informant, that appreciable host of Americans of voting age who have barely enough



brains to get around, and that almost equally great host of venerable and lovable dreamers who live in the curious shadowland of advanced age where all great men who died and all wars which ended still go on. To line the latter faction up solidly for Roosevelt —no matter what Roosevelt—is, we happen to know, beyond the power of all the Farleys in America. Take our Great-Uncle Jabe. We have accompanied him to the polls at every Presidential election since 1912 and on each occasion he has seized a ballot and firmly and vigorously written in the name of Ulysses S. Grant. And so have we.

WE saw by the *Times* last week that Mrs. Roosevelt is going to be editor of a new magazine to be called *Babies: Just Babies*. It will be published by Bernarr Macfadden and the first issue will appear in September or October, in plenty of time to line up the grandmas, aunties, and young mothers of America for the editor's husband. The only editing that poor Mrs. Hoover has ever done, so far as we know, was her collaboration with Herbert in translating from the Latin "Agricola de Re Metallica," an important but stuffy source book dealing with drainage and pipe-laying problems, etc., in the dark ages—a book scarcely calculated to line up any group of voters for anybody, even if it were brought out in a snappy drugstore edition with pictures by John Vassos. "De Re Metallica," as a matter of fact, has probably even lost votes for Mr. Hoover, for away back in 1928 there were nasty murmurs to the effect that "you'd never catch Al Smith fiddling away his time translating an Eyetalian book." The Hoovers need not, however, sit back and despair in this crisis. If the White House is smart, it will get off a little item to the *Times* reading: "Mrs. Herbert Clark Hoover will edit a magazine to appear in the fall called *Puppies and Kitty-cats: Just Puppies and Kitty-cats*. It will not be published by Bernarr Macfadden." That would line up a lot of people.

TRAVEL is light this year, as every holder of rail stock knows, but the railroads shouldn't get discouraged: even quietude has business possibilities. We have a scheme which should prove a money-maker for the Pullman Company right now. It is this: There are many people who can't afford to travel but who would be glad to buy a Pullman section to install in their home—for the occasional vicarious luxury of sleeping behind green curtains and imagining themselves on the way to Bar Harbor. We happen to know one man, in Darien, who tried for about two months to explain to various Pullman clerks, over the phone, that he wished to purchase, for use in his own home, a section—upper, lower, ladder, blankets, green curtains, and all. He wanted it for his two children, in order to save space in their bedroom. He failed dismally in his explanations (all

the clerks were sure that he wanted to "go" somewhere in the section) and we understand he has given up his efforts. But to us it looks as though a nice little business might be built up by the Company; sort of a sideline.

IN making out one's will, a pastime that engages everyone's attention these days, it is a good thing to remember that a man's will affords the only opportunity he will ever have to libel someone with impunity. It is a way of getting something out of one's system. "I hereby leave ten dollars to Andrew Twig, who is a malicious, conniving, pig-headed fool." Or "I hereby leave the sum of $4,000 to Miss Abigail Jones, feeling it my duty to make such a bequest in view of the fact that she probably is my illegitimate daughter." If one has enough spleen

in one's system, there is no limit to the amount of vilification that can be spread on paper, covering everything from right fielders to secretaries of war. Time may change this. A friend of ours who is a barrister tells us that, in one or two instances, courts in Georgia and Tennessee have permitted actions

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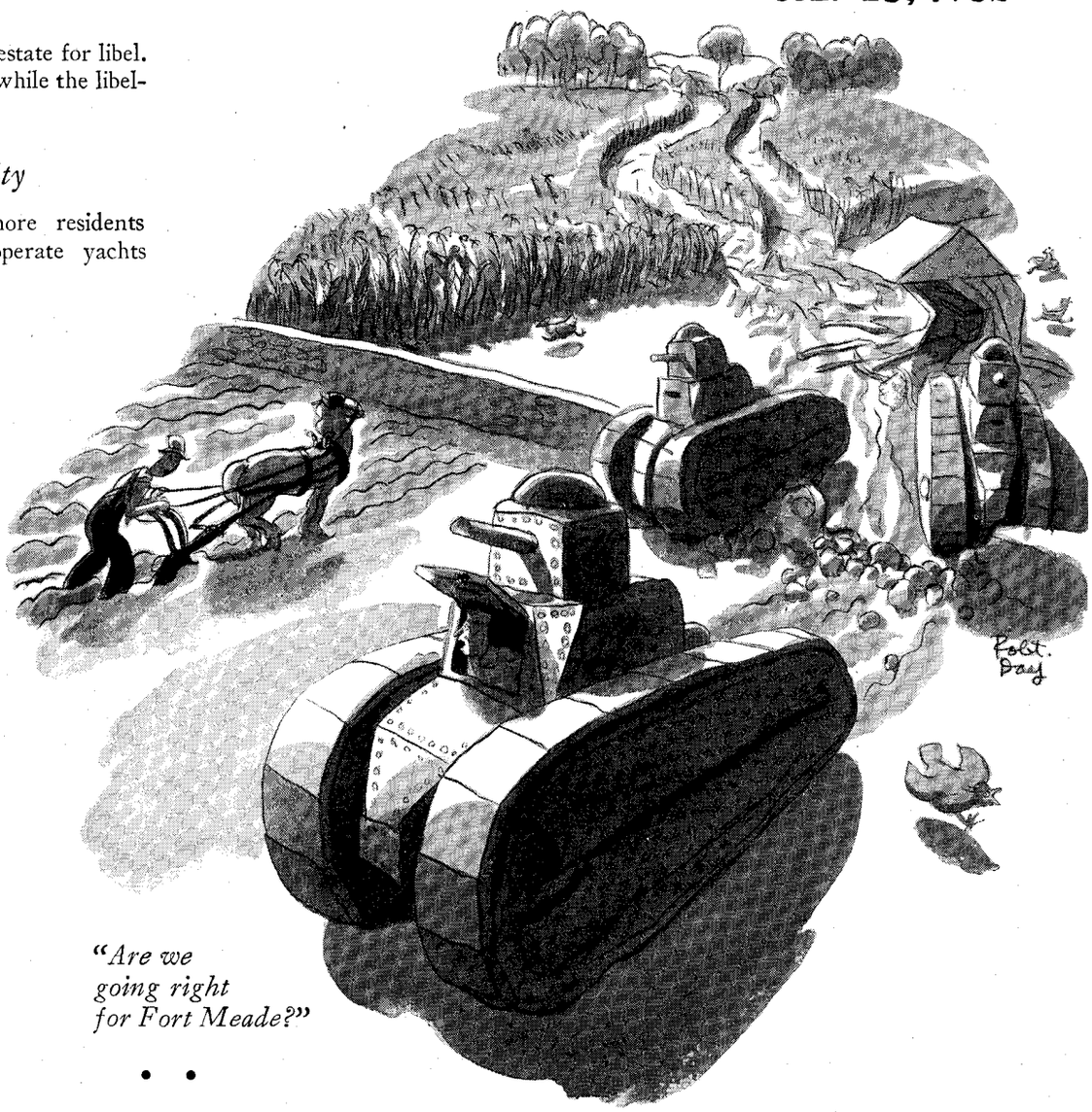
to be brought against an estate for libel. So you had better get in while the libelling is still good.

Business Opportunity

SEVERAL North Shore residents who continue to operate yachts have been given a chance to earn a little money lately, from an industry which still thrives. Opportunity comes in the person of rather rough-looking gentlemen who display thick packages of bills and talk in terms of "grands" and "yards." Their proposal to one yachtsman we know was this: That he take a little cruise out to a certain point, where he would be met by another yacht. He was then to turn around and make for port, letting the other yacht follow him in. If a Coast Guard boat should happen to approach, he was to sheer off, simulating guilt and terror, and lure the Guardsman into a chase, thereby allowing the yacht that had been following him to get away from there. For this he was to receive a thousand dollars if no chase, fifteen hundred if chased.



"Are we going right for Fort Meade?"

This yachtsman turned down the proposition, and a suggestion was made about his two sons, in their teens, to whom he has given a small but agile catboat. The man with the proposition said any time the boys wanted to earn a little money running in a few cases, he'd see they had a chance.

Mills Up

WE first saw Hank Mills, the jockey, down in Florida, at the jai-alai games one night. Jack Sharkey, sitting in a box, immense in a white Mark Twain suit, was introduced by an announcer between games. Mr. Sharkey took a bow. Then Hank Mills, who is a head taller than an Airedale when it stands on its hind legs, was introduced from the floor. The applause was greater than for Sharkey, for Mills was the idol of the Hialeah race track. He walked over and shook hands with Sharkey. Hank didn't bow or scrape; it was, as far as he was concerned, Mr. Sharkey's big moment.

Mills was christened Hank, not Henry or anything else. He's a Colorado boy and has been riding hosses since he was six. He says he's seventeen, but in a voice that belies him: it sounds like fifteen at the outside. He's just a little taller than four feet and weighs ninety-seven pounds, but his shoulders are broad and powerful and he has long, strong arms. He jumped into fame last winter in Florida, where he rode twenty-seven winners in sixteen days, or some such outlandish figures. James Fitzsimmons quickly snapped him up, bought his contract for seventy-five hundred dollars; Fitzsimmons is trainer for the Wheatley Stable, owned by Ogden Mills (no relation to Hank) and his sister, Mrs. Henry Carnegie Phipps.

Hank's deal with the Wheatley Stable is that he gets thirty-five dollars a month and found and ten per cent of the money his mounts win. If there is no Wheatley entry in a race, he usually rides for some other owner. Thus he is often in five or six races in an afternoon. He has won several notable races on famous horses and also brought a lot of practically unknown horses in first. As the saying goes, horses run for Mills. "Outside" owners usually pay him from a hundred to a thousand for a winner. His bank balance is sizable; he has a joint account with his sister, aged eleven, and sends money home to his father and mother, too.

Hank wears his cap "jack deuce;" that is, hiked up in the back and cocked down over the left eye, arrogantly. He walks with a swagger and likes to taunt rival jockeys. "Goin' to beat you," he tells them before a race, and then, in the running, he yells at them as he rides past: "Whatsa matter, cancha go any faster?" The jockeys grin about it; they all like him.

Somebody asked Hank recently how many winners he had ridden since

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he came up North. "You'll have t' ask my agent," said Hank (every jockey has an agent who makes his riding engagements). Several weeks ago he left his apprenticeship behind him and became a full-fledged jockey, which means that he has ridden forty winners. Hank's father and an older brother were both jockeys, and he says his kid sister can ride almost as well as he can ("and better'n a lot of guys"). In a race, Hank gets off quickly, forges to the front rapidly, and finishes strong. He was sharply criticized once at Hialeah for holding back a mount in order to make a Garrison finish—didn't quite make it, either—but he's got over that. He likes to play marbles, but gave it up because he was afraid the other jockeys would kid him. On Sundays he goes to Coney Island and rides the merry-go-round (any mount). He doesn't like New York as well as smaller towns because you can't go down to the station and see the trains "puff in."

Ltd.

A FRIEND tells us of a tiny butcher shop recently opened in a Connecticut town; it's wedged into a small store room but it bears the impressive firm name of Williams & Gilchrist, Ltd. Our friend asked what the Ltd. stood for. "Stands for 'limited,'" Mr. Gilchrist told him. "You see, we're limited to meats and nothing but meats."

A Lady's Trunk

ONE of our young actresses prepared last week to leave the island for a summer of stock-company work in a New England barn. Having a great litter of belongings in the shape of galoshes, skiing sweaters, packages of old love letters, a de-strung tennis racquet (to be restrung some day), and things like that, she flung them into an old trunk for the nonce. At the end of the nonce she phoned the desk of the woman's club where she was living and asked to have the porter sent up for her trunk—she wanted it stored for the summer. To her dismay she was told that the club wouldn't store the trunk. She went to the manager, but he upheld the clerk. This was, he said firmly, one of those clubs that do not store trunks, and that was that.

In her dilemma it was the lady's good fortune to come across a friend who told her to call up the Chase National Bank. "They take care of trunks," said the friend. The lady didn't believe that the Chase National Bank really takes care of trunks, but she was desperate, and called them up. "Certainly, Madam," said the Chase National Bank, "we'll take care of the trunk." Bright and early the next morning an armored car barged magnificently up to the door of the club, startling the doorman, startling bystanders. The four armed guards that come with armored cars stalked into the building, and after some delay were directed to the trunk. Two of them grasped the dingy straps at each end while the other two, with drawn pistols, one fore and one aft, clanked through the halls to the astonishment of wide-eyed damosels just coming up from breakfast. The trunk was ceremoniously hoisted into the car, the escorts climbed in after it, the door was slammed, and off went the tennis racquet, skiing sweaters, love letters, etc., under the stern guardianship of the United States Trucking Corp.

The Chase Bank, we learn, has had a trunk-and-suitcase storage service for so long that the oldest employee can't remember when it was started. You pay a dollar and a half a month for a full-sized trunk whose contents are valued at under five hundred dollars. There's a ten cents' extra charge for each additional hundred dollars of valuation. Steamer trunks cost a dollar a month, suitcases seventy-five

"If it's Kelly, I'm not at home."

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cents. They're kept in safe-deposit vaults. Absolutely safe.

Urgent

A BUSY man—that is, a man as busy as the average—left for California about a month ago. He departed from Manhattan and its multitudinous problems rather hastily, on the advice of his doctor, reconciled to a whole summer of nothing to do. Arriving on the West Coast, he was haunted by the idea that he had left a lot of loose ends unattended to around his office. By wire and telephone he got hold of several of these and gave appropriate instructions. After a couple of weeks, he relaxed. He remained calm until a packet of mail arrived from his apartment, which he had closed for the summer, forwarded kindness of the building superintendent. This consisted mostly of circulars, but there was one thing that instantly excited him, a notice from the Postal Telegraph Company that on July 14 an unsuccessful effort had been made to deliver a telegram to him. It was being held at the nearest office, etc. Instantly, our vacationer concluded that this telegram must involve an important loose end. This thought kept sneaking through his mind in its stocking feet most of one night, and next morning, when he got up, he telegraphed his office to get the telegram from Postal and rewire it to him in California. The whole thing was costly in money, time, and mental agony, and here's what the telegram said: "May your birthday and each new day thereafter dawn with joy and bring forth rich gifts of happiness Steve Christie Christies Restaurant 159 West 44th St formerly of Leonards."

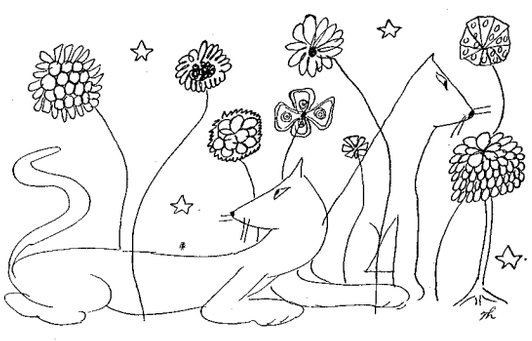
Big Mural

WE ducked over to Long Island City one fiery morning last week and put in half an hour gravely watching the slow, inexorable growth of the largest single piece of art that will bedizen Rockefeller Center. This forty-by-sixty mural will be one whole wall of the lobby of the International Music Hall, and will be unveiled to an awed city when that building is opened in October. After Ezra Winter, the American muralist, won the job last March, in competition with three other American artists, he sent to Belgium for two huge pieces of canvas, each twenty by sixty. Then he looked around for a place large enough to permit their being laid out side by side on the floor, his own big studio in the attic of the Grand Central being way too small. A few weeks ago he rented, at $1,200 for the summer, the entire building of the Pastime Indoor Tennis Club in Long Island City. Six of his young apprentices are at work there, lying on their stomachs, squatting on their hams, blocking in the design more or less roughly; they'll be at it, under his supervision, through August and September. Then he'll finish it off himself.

It was unreal, phantasmal, standing there in the muggy heat and watching six young men, clad only in running pants and wristwatches, as, with three-foot brushes, they transferred great gobbets of oil pigment—yellow, violet, brown, red—from big palettes to the canvas. We roamed here and there on the vast reaches of the mural, nobody minding as long as we didn't stomp on the wet parts, and tried to see what it was all about. But only some sky and trees were done in color, the balance was in charcoal outline, and the whole wasn't clear. We diffidently asked one of the apprentices who was putting yellow edges on some green leaves if he'd explain it to us. He called to another apprentice, who was tinting a beetling cliff in deep brown. "Orlando," he said, "what's the lowdown on this mural?" Orlando scratched his head and said we'd better ask Mr. Winter, who had just come in.

We did, and here is the lowdown: The mural is based on an Oregon Indian legend, which was given to all the competing artists to work out as they chose. The legend: The Creator, in the dawn of time, placed the Fountain of Youth atop a mountain that was separated from the rest of the world by a great chasm, and Man has futilely yearned for the Fountain ever since. "I just imagined a chap trying to reach the fountain," said Mr. Winter, pointing out a bearded charcoal man standing on one mountain and gazing at a distant, higher one, "and he can't get to it, and so I had a procession of his vanities and ambitions floating in front of him." The procession floats above the chasm, starting from behind heavy foliage at the lower left. Here the bearded chap is shown as a babe in his mother's arms. It progresses to a glorious exit in clouds at the upper right, by which time the old fellow is a charioted emperor. An ox-cart, several archers, and some harvesters are among the people and things in the procession, but as they are only outlined in charcoal, we didn't get a clear idea of their significance.

Mr. Winter had hoped to do his design in true fresco, right on the plaster of the wall, but that would have taken a long time and Mr. Rockefeller wants to open the building with everything finished the minute it's done. So he's doing it this way.



Hungry

THE Hungarian swimming and pentathlon teams arrived here with one interesting piece of luggage: an immense waterproof box. A visitor in their hotel rooms noticed it and asked about it. Proudly one of the foreign athletes opened it and revealed that it was well stocked with every kind of edible from salami to *Pragerschinken.* The Hungarians explained that they were nobody's fools; they had found out that to get to the Olympic Games they had to cross six or seven thousand miles of American prairie, or desert, and they didn't intend to be caught without food in that ominous wilderness. As far as we know, they got to Los Angeles without losing a man from starvation.

Retoucher

DR. J. HOWARD CRUM is the man who, on two occasions, performed face-lifting operations in public. The demand to see him at work was so great the second time that he had to divide his audience into two sections, like a train. Each section saw half a face lifted. Dr. Crum is one of the best known of plastic surgeons; he gave the subject of his 1932 face-lifting demonstration (she was a woman who had done twenty years for killing her husband) not only a new appearance

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"But we've thrown mother love overboard, haven't we?"

• •

of lost youth but a new type of face into the bargain. Which seems to conceal a motion-picture idea.

Dr. Crum admits that plastic surgeons were outcasts when they started in. The war helped them. If a soldier can get a new jaw, so can an actress. Many a fine woman has been shot to pieces and made whole by Dr. J. Howard Crum, and if you could see his private list of patients it would knock you over. The Doctor served in a base hospital during the war, sometimes not only undoing the damages of war but putting into better shape faces that were none too good before the war began. When he went into private practice, he gave up everything but facial work, and stands now where the brook and river meet: neither advertising his beauty treatments in unethical ways nor shying away from the publicity that his knife brings.

He's been lifting since 1909, before the days of novocaine. They used to freeze the patient's face in those barbarous old times. Dr. Crum admits the results were nothing to brag about. Things got better, though, and today (he operates every morning at ten and at eleven) he makes a careful drawing of the patient's face, takes accurate measurements, draws a design on the sides of the face in iodine, and then—after the novocaine has been injected along the lines of the iodine—skillfully snips away the superfluous skin and sews the edges together slick as your whiskers.

The simple lift requires an hour. For the big lift, called the "Hollywood," he takes two mornings, doing half a face at a time. The big lift is really the better, because it starts well above the hairline, continues down in front of the ears, and ends well back in the neck. The Doctor also does noses, and says that choosing the wrong kind of nose is where most women go wrong. He won't do fat women, and does very few men: here and there a stray actor or a prizefighter. He did not do Dempsey. He lives in Mount Vernon, with his young-looking wife, and has an office on Fifth Avenue. A whole lot of lifted women have never admitted the fact even to their closest friends. They tell their snoopy husbands that they got cut in a taxicab.

La Fleur de France

A STRAPPING, handsome American lady, who (we happen to know) takes no nonsense from anybody, much less from a Paris taxi-driver, stepped out of her cab in front of the Crillon. She proffered the sum the meter showed. Her driver demanded twice the amount, explaining in French that the night rate was double the day rate. The lady said that the night rate was nothing of the sort, and was so staunch about it that the driver seized her by the shoulder and shook her. The lady countered with a fine, smart wallop to the jaw—a beautiful blow for any lady to land. In court, a couple of days later, the judge, gazing first at the driver, then at the lady, finally frowned fiercely, fixed the driver with a powerful eye, and cried: "Do you realize that you have struck a most beautiful flower?"

Taximan was fined. Republic of France carried on.

—THE NEW YORKERS

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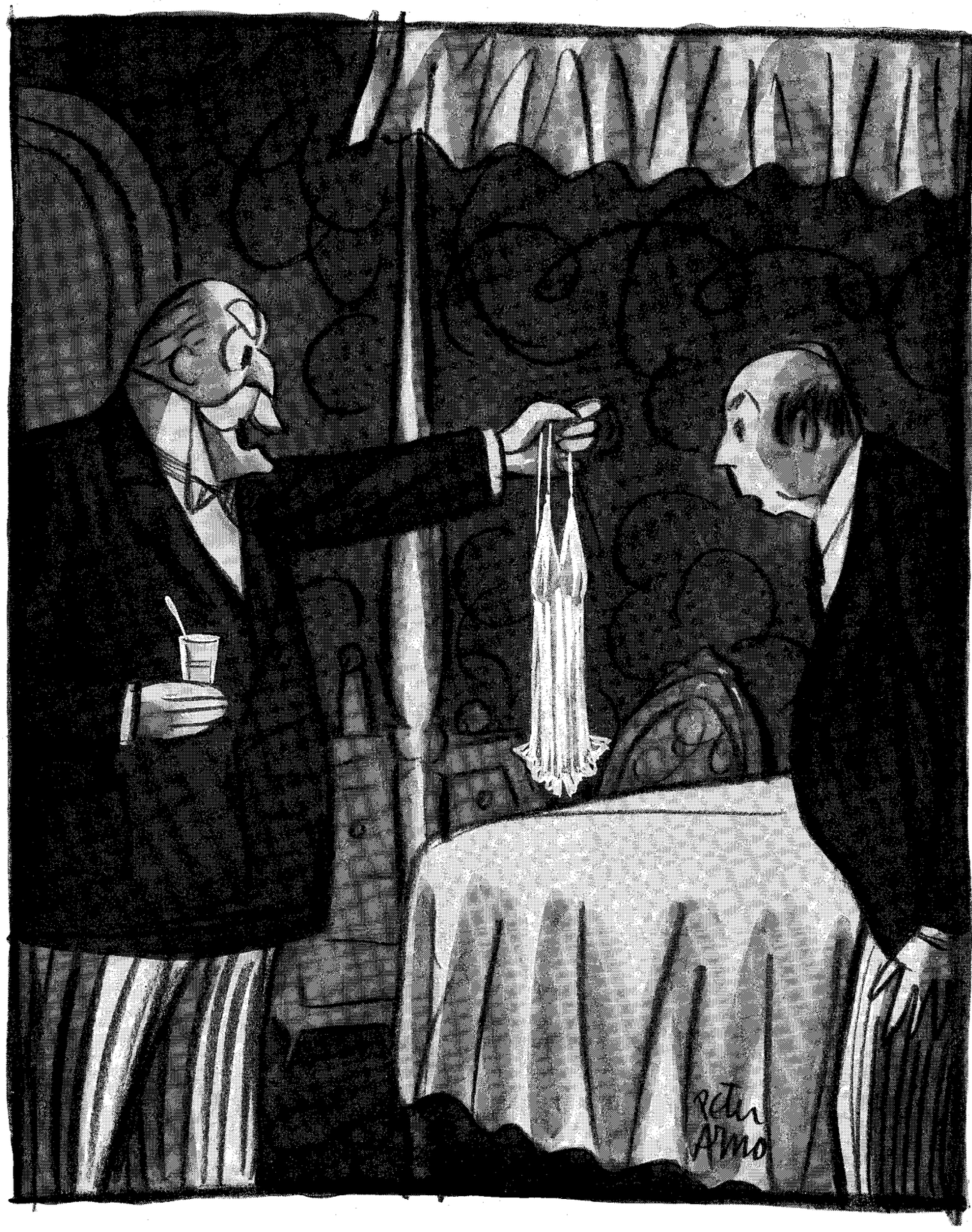

"Do I know anything about this, Parsons?"

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MAN-ABOUT-TOWN

ONE of the Three Men in a Boat (I think it was Harris) once offered to lead a party of bewildered sightseers out of the Hampton Court Maze and ended by engulfing them in such hopeless confusion that he almost got himself lynched. Did you ever see a resident New Yorker, a man-about-town, trying to think up some place to take out-of-town guests on a Sunday evening in summer?

You have lured them into the city from the country, or regaled them on the train ride from upstate with promises of "an evening in town," implying by your sly looks that it is likely to be a pretty *gay* evening and that they had better wear their old clothes. "Old Bob knows his New York all right," they whisper to each other. "We'll have to hold on tight going around the corners, I guess." Secretly they are pleased and excited. You are very calm and seem quietly amused at something.

Arriving in New York at vespertime, you are a little disconcerted to find that it is still glaring daylight (on Sunday evenings in summer it stays glaring daylight until a quarter before midnight). This makes it a little difficult to start in on your round of debauchery, with the afternoon sun bringing out the sordid respectability in everyone and the streets full of people in their Sunday suits shuffling up and down the avenues with children and dogs. Nobody but a downright dipsomaniac could find a takeoff for a party at this hour on Sunday. Rowing in the Park would be more in order.

So it's everybody up to your place to freshen up and lay out a plan of action! "Your place" doesn't show up so well with the sun streaming in on the room as you left it on Friday, but it will do as headquarters until the big drive begins, and within its rather depressing precincts it is decided to start the mad search for pleasure under your guidance at a place known as "63." Wonderful food can be had there, you explain, and quite likely a group of picturesque voluptuaries who frequent the grill will give the out-of-towners a taste of the fast New York life they crave. The taxi seems to crawl through the empty streets on its way to this exciting spot and even you, blasé old sophisticate that you are, can hardly refrain from looking at your watch and promising them only three more minutes of a dull, well-ordered life. From then on, you intimate, you will not be responsible for what happens to their codes.

ON arriving at "63" you dismiss the cab and ring the bell with an assured "one–one-two" as if it were your own private signal. Then you turn and wink at your guests. Not so easy to get into these places unless you are known. You glance up at the sun, still high in the heavens, and say: "Well, that's the last we'll see of you, old boy, until you learn your place." Then you ring again, a bit impatiently. Suddenly one of the party discovers a little card tucked in the corner of the glass and reads aloud, with just a suggestion of impishness: "Closed on Sundays during the summer."

This is very embarrassing. You should have known that. In fact, you act as if you did know it all along and were just trying to get in on an off chance that the proprietor himself might be there, in which case an exception would have been made for you and your friends.

"H-m-m. That's funny," you mutter, looking at your watch for no reason whatever. "Well, now, let's see —where can we try now?"

The out-of-town guests naturally have no suggestions and so you are left leaning on your stick and trying to think of some other place which would be equally thrilling for them. Of course, if it were just you alone, there are dozens of places you could go (although the names do not spring to mind at the moment), but you have promised these people a rather gay time and the *bon vivant's* care must be exercised. It is at this point that your mind, long ailing, goes completely back on you.

Surrounded by a little group of expectant revellers who still have confidence in your prowess, and blinded by that horrible sunlight (if only it would get dark you wouldn't look

"No, lady, they like it."

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quite so silly), you try to run over in your mind the various restaurants you have visited in the past six months. Evidently you have been having your meals sent up to your room during that time, for you can remember nothing. You *must* have eaten at other places besides "63" and exclusively male clubs, but you do not recall having even heard of any exciting places in which to eat since Rector's closed.

Joe's? No, that's been padlocked. . . . There *was* a place at 15 East Fifty-third or Fifty-fourth. But that was last year. . . . The Mt. Etna? Hardly a place to take people looking for excitement or even good food. . . . Let's see, now. . . . The Village? Not having been there for months, you don't know of a single spot that would be open, and besides, Village places are not ideal for Sunday evenings in summer. . . . Germantown? Later, perhaps, certainly not with the sun out. A good roof? Where? You have touted this party up to such a pitch that just an ordinary eating place will not do. You have got to show them Life. And you realize that Life has passed you by, especially New York Life.

IN the meantime, the friends are becoming just a little skeptical. "I don't see how you New Yorkers stand the strain of this," says one of them rather nastily. "It is go-go-go—all the time. Don't you ever sleep?" This gets a big laugh, as you are all standing around on the sidewalk like townies out in front of the drugstore watching the girls go by.

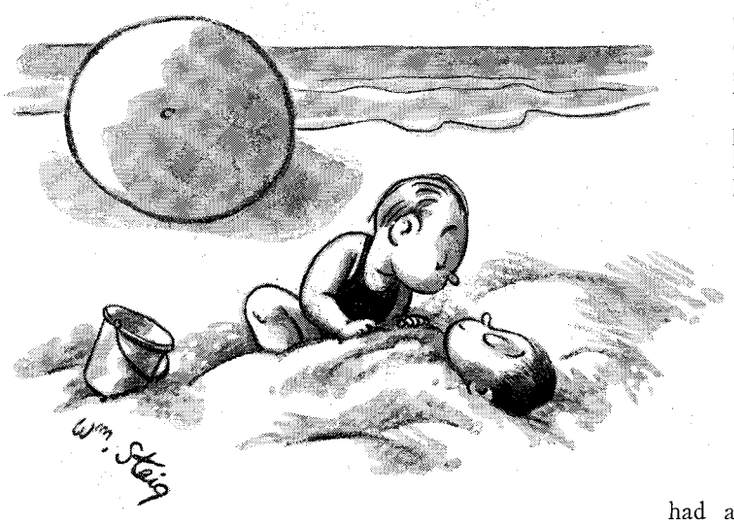
"Well, we can't hang around here all night," you say, speaking for the rest; "we'll go down to Luigi's and get something cool and discuss the matter there."

LUIGI'S, which does not serve food, is always open, chiefly because Luigi himself lives there with his wife and four small children, all of whom have the run of the place on Sundays. There is nobody else there—just Luigi, the Missus, and the kiddies—and, with the smell of cooking greens, the effect is that of paying a visit to one of those little homelike huts you see as you drive through towns in the south of Italy. It is not your idea, or the idea you have conveyed to your guests, of a mad night on pleasure-crazed Broadway. The party, far from being a gilded debauch, is turning into something extra dismal and, if anyone were to start humming a hymn, the entire group might burst into tears.

All eyes are turned mournfully on you in the hope that your great knowledge of New York night life will come to the rescue, and your mind has ceased functioning completely so that all you can think of is the Century Club or Childs, when the quietest member of the group suddenly takes out his wallet and says: "Someone up in Syracuse gave me an address of a place down here that I went to last time I was in town, and it wasn't bad." With that he pulls out a gilt-edged card with "Open Sundays" engraved down in one corner. This starts everybody (except you) up in a fever of excitement, and they all agree that, since nothing better has been suggested, they try this place.

You yourself say that you must have stayed out in the sun too long that morning and feel a little giddy, and go home to your books, where you belong. Only you forget to get that address from the man from Syracuse, and the next time you are caught with out-of-towners, you again can't think of any place to go.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY



SMALL FRY

Interment

HAPPY THOUGH AWAKE

LONG after midnight though it was, Mr. Cuffs lay wide awake in his very comfortable bed. He lay there staring into the darkness, and no thought of sleep came to him, nor was he troubled by this insomnia, for he was happy, perfectly happy—if you know what the word means.

Mr. Cuffs had always been a sound sleeper, and a regular one, given to early hours, a habit which he felt accounted largely for his very respectable success in his legal practice. Mr. Cuffs was a whizz at wills, and young as he was—he was still in his early thirties—he had made quite a name for himself in town as a barrister with a future, one to be relied upon. It would generally have seemed to Mr. Cuffs a little shocking and certainly alarming to be thus missing his customary sleep. Only in rare instances in the past, like the occasion of that toothache he had had last fall, when the doctor had had to give him sleeping tablets, could he recall such a departure from his healthy habits. Nothing like a toothache explained his present wakefulness. It was something even more important than a toothache. Mr. Cuffs, as it happened, had that very evening made a proposal of marriage and had been accepted.

A CERTAIN young thing named Lois, whom he had met soon after the episode of the toothache, was the object of his affections. Well connected, charming, pretty as a picture, she had indicated a certain agreeable independence of character by leaving her family, who were Philadelphia people, and with the chaperonage of an old family servant, she was living in New York, for the admirable purpose of attending art school. She had called him a darling and had kissed him. Then she had said that they must be sensible about the whole thing and that he must go home and get a good night's rest and that it was very exciting to be engaged. Mr. Cuffs obviously had good reason to be happy.

This was exactly the kind of marriage that Mr. Cuffs had always planned for himself. A young woman who would be sensible, and who would understand the serious obligations of life and of a career! She

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"Make a nice foreclosure, wouldn't it?"

• •

would be his helpmate, an asset. With her by his side, the pattern of the years ahead became a roseate vision. There were no heights, he felt, that he could not now scale; the future was bright and certain. Anything was possible. The Supreme Court? He felt in himself now the ability to reach even the bench of the Supreme Court.

It was not only of his career, though, that Mr. Cuffs was thinking. In his feeling for Lois there was, as it chanced, a great deal more than appreciation of the practical aspects of the marriage. It had been all very well to apply himself heart and soul to his work, and no one had worked harder than Mr. Cuffs, worked more assiduously, scorning frivolous diversion, from his early boyhood working, but there had been times when he had feared that he might be missing something really important. In spite of his logic, he had not always been able to escape a curious sense of futility. What did he, with all the rewards he was winning in his profession, get out of his life? There had been moments, fleeting, never lasting, yet so eloquent of something profoundly missing in his arrangements, moments when a loneliness overcame him with the vigor of physical sickness. He need no longer fear those moments. Lois would be there. Lois would fulfill his life. There would be a new tranquillity in his life. A great sense of peace came to him.

HE turned on the light and looked at his watch and saw that it was half-past two. Half-past two and he was still awake. If he arose at half-past seven, as of course he would, that would mean only five hours of sleep. Five hours, and it didn't seem likely that he would go to sleep even now. It occurred to him as very strange that he didn't seem to need sleep. No, he wouldn't try to sleep. He would lie there just like this all night, until day came. In some curious fashion this lying awake in itself was restful. It was as beneficial as sleep. This beautiful sense of tranquillity, this conscious repose, seemed to caress every nerve in his body with its kind respite. It was an unprecedented experience in Mr. Cuff's existence, and his logical brain reminded him that his whole situation was altered. He saw now how much he had missed in life, and he suddenly pitied the poor thing that he had been.

Possibly Lois was awake also, enjoying just such a wakefulness as his own. The idea of speaking to her, of telephoning her, suddenly swept over him, and he was helpless before its urgency. It was an absurd thing to do, most unreasonable. It might disturb her. It would be most selfish and inconsiderate, and he hoped that he had never been selfish or inconsiderate to anyone. Surely such feelings as he had for Lois had nothing selfish in them. Really he had nothing to say, either, nothing that couldn't wait until tomorrow. If she wasn't asleep, though, if she was lying there, she would like to hear from him. She couldn't telephone him. It was his place to telephone her.

He heard her bell ringing, ringing, and then there was a sleepy voice. It was the maid's voice. He had forgotten the maid. He felt himself grow scarlet in the darkness.

"Oh, Mr. Cuffs," said the maid, with no trace of surprise in her voice. "Miss Lois ain't in, Mr. Cuffs. No, she's out. Yes, she went out. She went out dancing."

Dancing? Lois was out dancing. Dancing? Dancing where? Dancing with whom? His own brain danced and danced and he knew that he couldn't stand this being awake any longer and that he must get some sleep. In any possible way he must have sleep. He remembered those sleeping tablets and he got up and found them and took one, and he was glad to see that he had a good supply on hand for the future.

—JOHN MOSHER

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THE TOPAZ CUFFLINKS MYSTERY

WHEN the motorcycle cop came roaring up, unexpectedly, out of Never-Never Land (the way motorcycle cops do), the man was on his hands and knees in the long grass beside the road, barking like a dog. The woman was driving slowly along in a car that stopped about eighty feet away; its headlights shone on the man: middle-aged, bewildered, sedentary. He got to his feet.

"What's goin' on here?" asked the cop. The woman giggled. "Cock-eyed," thought the cop. He did not glance at her.

"I guess it's gone," said the man. "I—ah—could not find it."

"What was it?"

"What I lost?" The man squinted, unhappily. "Some—some cufflinks; topazes set in gold." He hesitated: the cop didn't seem to believe him. "They were the color of a fine Moselle," said the man. He put on a pair of spectacles which he had been holding in his hand. The woman giggled.

"Hunt things better with ya glasses off?" asked the cop. He pulled his motorcycle to the side of the road to let a car pass. "Better pull over off the concrete, lady," he said. She drove the car off the roadway.

"I'm nearsighted," said the man. "I can hunt things at a distance with my glasses on, but I do better with them off if I am close to something." The cop kicked his heavy boots through the grass where the man had been crouching.

"He was barking," ventured the lady in the car, "so that I could see where he was." The cop pulled his machine up on its standard; he and the man walked over to the automobile.

"What I don't get," said the officer, "is how you lose ya cufflinks a hunderd feet in front of where ya car is; a person usually stops his car *past* the place he loses somethin', not a hunderd feet before he gits *to* the place."

The lady laughed again; her husband got slowly into the car, as if he were afraid the officer would stop him any moment. The officer studied them.

"Been to a party?" he asked. It was after midnight.

"We're not drunk, if that's what you mean," said the woman, smiling. The cop tapped his fingers on the door of the car.

"You people didn't lose no topazes," he said.

"Is it against the law for a man to be down on all fours beside a road, barking in a perfectly civil manner?" demanded the lady.

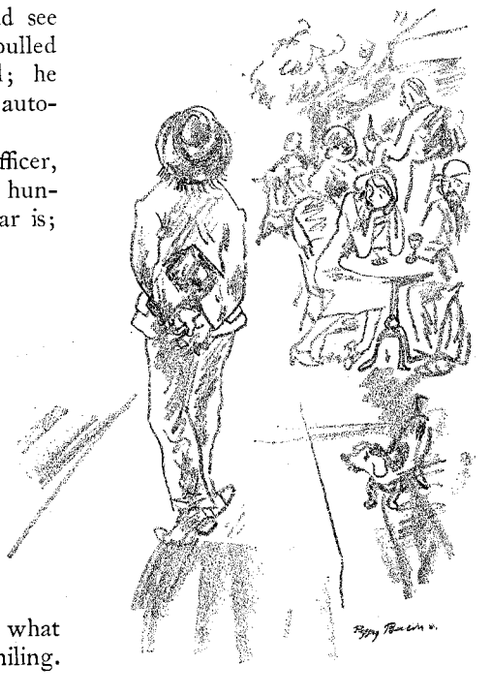
"No, Ma'am," said the cop. He made no move to get on his motorcycle, however, and go on about his business. There was just the quiet chugging of the cycle engine and the auto engine, for a time.

"I'LL tell you how it was, Officer," said the man, in a crisp, new tone. "We were settling a bet. O. K?"

"O. K.," said the cop. "Who win?" There was another pulsing silence.

"The lady bet," said her husband, with dignity, as though he were explaining some important phase of industry to a newly hired clerk, "the lady bet that my eyes would shine like a cat's do at night, if she came upon me suddenly close to the ground alongside the road. We had passed a cat, whose eyes gleamed. We had passed several persons, whose eyes did *not* gleam—"

"Simply because they were above the light and not under it," said the lady. "A man's eyes would gleam like a cat's if people were ordinarily caught by headlights at the same angle as cats are." The cop walked over to where he had left his motorcycle, picked it up, kicked the standard out, and wheeled it back.



"A cat's eyes," he said, "are different than yours and mine. Dogs, cats, skunks, it's all the same. They can see in a dark room."

"Not in a *totally* dark room," said the lady.

"Yes, they can," said the cop.

"No, they can't; not if there is no light at all in the room, not if it's absolutely *black*," said the lady. "The question came up the other night; there was a professor there and he said there must be at least a ray of light, no matter how faint."

"That may be," said the cop, after a solemn pause, pulling at his gloves. "But people's eyes don't shine—I go along these roads every night an' pass hunderds of cats and hunderds of people."

"The people are never close to the ground," said the lady.

"*I* was close to the ground," said her husband.

"Look at it this way," said the cop. "I've seen wildcats in *trees* at night and *their* eyes shine."

"There you are!" said the lady's husband. "That proves it."

"I don't see how," said the lady. There was another silence.

"Because a wildcat in a tree's eyes are higher than the level of a man's," said her husband. The cop may possibly have followed this, the lady obviously did not; neither one said anything. The cop got on his machine, raced his engine, seemed to be thinking about something, and throttled down. He turned to the man.

"Took ya glasses off so the headlights wouldn't make ya glasses shine, huh?" he asked.

"That's right," said the man. The cop waved his hand, triumphantly, and roared away. "Smart guy," said the man to his wife, irritably.

"I still don't see where the wildcat proves anything," said his wife. He drove off slowly.

"Look," he said. "You claim that the whole thing depends on how *low* a *cat's* eyes are; I—"

"I didn't say that; I said it all depends on how *high* a *man's* eyes . . ."

—JAMES THURBER

•

ELASTIC PLOTS

Hail to Hollywood! Cast no stone!
Its code has not a stain or blot:
"Scenes of passion may not be shown,
Unless essential to the plot"!

—M. C. D.

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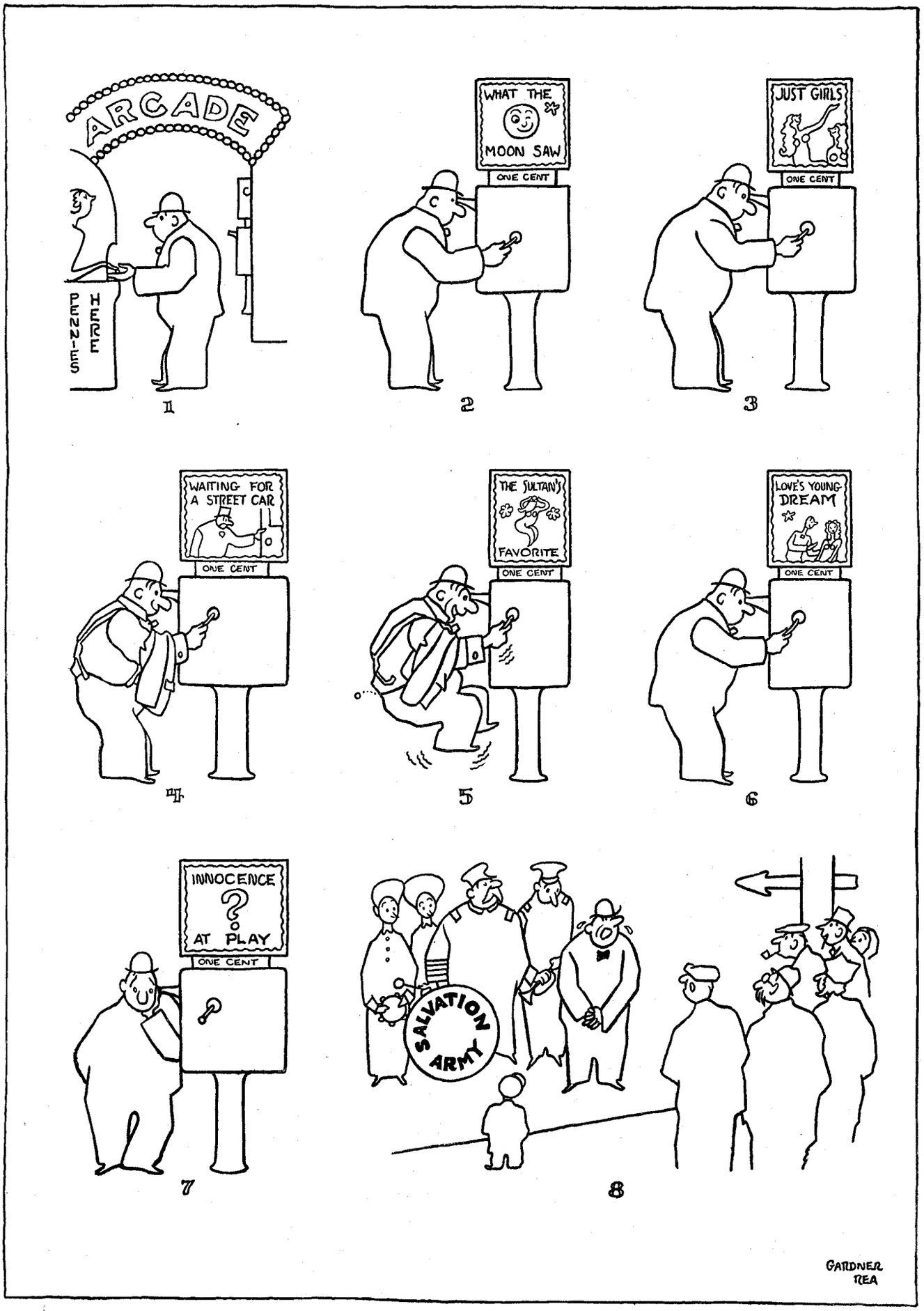

REDEMPTION

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ALICE, WHERE WERT THOU?

[A Menu Note, and a Reply]

"DEAR,—my guests of the Coffee Houses,—you do love them, don't you? Aren't you interested to see them come back? Just as we are all praying and believing that the United States has begun to come back, so have I come back.

"Emerson said, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' That is what I did. No sparkling star in the summer heavens ever shone more brilliantly and clearly than the attitude I had toward my duty to the public. To give people a moment of peace with sustaining nourishment, to give them service that was not merely the carrying out of soiled and the bringing in of fresh dishes, but embraced interest and understanding of men's needs—that was the star to which I hitched the wagon of my endeavor.

"Unfortunately, two years ago the wagon was weighted down by other ideas. The poor little star blinked and twinkled and was almost dimmed forever by the dark cloud over it.

"Now the star is shining brightly once more.

"I am asking you, my dear public, to help me—I know your needs, I know that pocketbooks have shrunken, but not one's appetite. Therefore prices have been adjusted to meet present day conditions. I intend to improve quality and service. I know that with your help I can succeed. Will you speak of me to your friends and give me your patronage.—Please do.

"Alice Foote MacDougall"

DEAR my Mrs. MacDougall: It was so nice to hear from you again, and such a newsy note, too! Is it really true about the United States coming back, and isn't it splendid that you two can come back together. I always think it relieves the monotony of the journey to have someone like the United States along. Would you believe it, I was talking about Emerson myself only the other night. "What's ever become of Emerson?" I said to my father. "Maybe the depression has hit him," responded my father. But I replied: "No, I don't think so; Emerson is pretty well fixed—he has a wagon, and that is a lot more than most of us have, Dad." And it is, too. Of course you, Alice, have your balconies. They must be a great comfort. And you have those Bedouin women who wait on table. I suppose they are an anchor to windward in themselves, though it's a mystery how you can keep track of them, because all Bedouins look alike to me. Would you believe it if I told you that I had forgotten all about the wagon of your endeavor till you mentioned it in your note? But I remember it now—remember the first time I saw it. I had come into Firenze one day for a moment of peace and a baked tomato stuffed with chicken. It was in boom times, and I cared little that I was a wastrel. "I just want a moment of peace," I told the Bedouin girl, and when she brought in my order it was on a small wagon with rubber-tired wheels. When I commented on what a cute little wagon it was, she replied: "Yas, indeedy, dat am de wagon ob Missy MacDougall's endeavor."

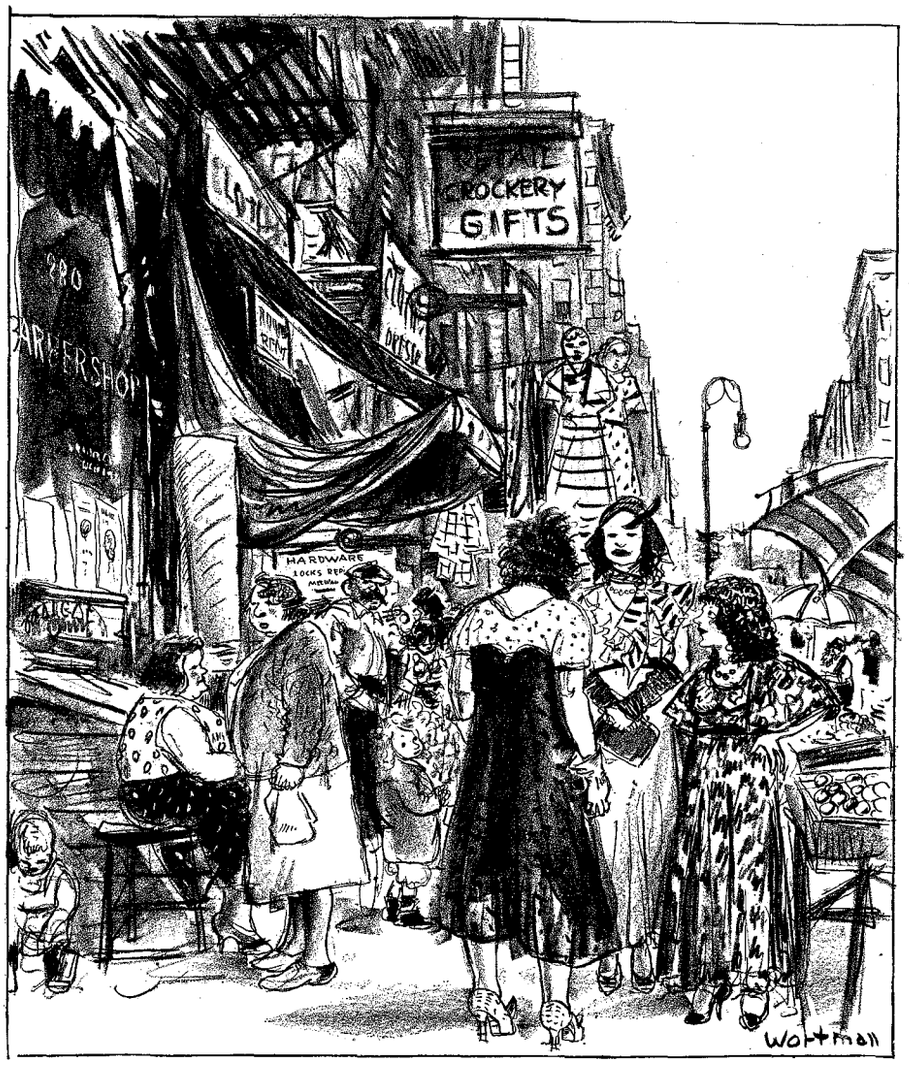
"Has it ever folded up?" I asked.

"Nevva has yit," said the Bedouin.

"How about you; have *you* ever folded up?"

"Ah ain't no foldin' Bedouin," she answered, and then, suiting the action to the word, she began the carrying out of soiled and the bringing in of fresh dishes, although she must have known that wasn't all there was to real service. Well, here I am rambling on, when all I wanted to say was that we all welcome you back and I shall certainly speak about your return and that of the United States to all my friends, many of whom have forgotten what the United States looks like.

E. B. W.



"She says she's livin' on a little farm beside a lake. Call's that livin'."

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PROFILES

VANISHING AMERICAN

IN 1905, when Daniel Carter Beard was editor of *Recreation*, the business manager asked him for a novel circulation idea. Could he think up something that would interest boys in the magazine? A mere whippersnapper of fifty-five at the time, Dan pulled at his short, ragged whiskers and promised to see if he couldn't fix up something. He could and did, in the form of "The Boy Pioneers, Sons of Daniel Boone." Clubs were organized all over the country as "forts," each of which consisted of three "stockades." In a "stockade" there were eight boys. The "forts" were the original form of what is now a troop of Boy Scouts, and a "stockade" corresponded to the modern patrol. Every month, *Recreation* ran a piece on Boy Pioneer doings. The President of the United States came through with an enthusiastic endorsement, and Admiral Dewey wrote in to say that he was delighted to see the ideals of old frontiersmen like Davy Crockett and Sam Houston being kept fresh and green. Members of the order wore cheesecloth buckskin shirts and coonskin caps made of cast-off muffs and boas, and the official war cry was:

> Cut a notch,
> Cut a notch,
> Cut a notch,
> Soon!
> For we are the Sons
> Of Daniel Boone.

When two Boy Pioneers wanted to signal to each other at a distance, they cried: "Whooah! Whooah! Whooah!" in clear, ringing tones.

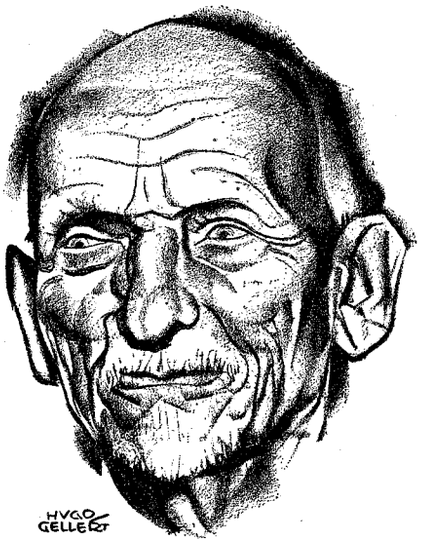
The novel circulation idea went over big.

THREE years later, Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, the Boer War general, founded his Scouts in England. Meanwhile, Ernest Thompson-Seton (then Seton-Thompson), naturalist, author and illustrator of animal books and the unforgettable "Two Little Savages," had started a somewhat similar organization over here known as Indians. On February 8, 1910, Beard, Thompson-Seton, James E. West and Colin H. Livingstone (both of the Y.M.C.A.), George D. Pratt, Mortimer L. Schiff, and others, met and incorporated the Boy Scouts of America with headquarters at the Y.M.C.A. International Office on Twenty-eighth Street. Quite a squabble took place over just what kind of organization the Boy Scouts of America was to be. Beard and Thompson-Seton, throwing in their Boy Pioneers and Indians, both fought for an "outdoor proposition." West and Livingstone wanted plenty of Y.M.C.A. in it. Both sides won. Sir Robert came to New York the following fall and, at a banquet in his honor at the Waldorf, spoke up like a man and announced that maybe he was the uncle but he wasn't the father of Scouting. He had cribbed right and left from America, he said, and especially from Dan Beard, who was really the father.

There is no doubt about this paternity whatsoever; for in 1882, nearly thirty years previously, when he was studying at the Art Students' League here, Dan started what was to end in two million eager Doers of the Daily Good Turn when he produced that All-American-All-Time Champion of non-fiction juveniles: "The American Boy's Handy Book. Or, What to Do and How to Do It."

For this celebrated opus, which attains its fiftieth anniversary this year, claims have been made that it inspired, among others, such specialists of the Strenuous Life as Theodore Roosevelt, who was twenty-four years old when it was written; Gifford Pinchot, now governor of Pennsylvania; and the British Antarctic explorer, Shackleton. Shackleton once told the world about it at a banquet at the Astor. " 'The American Boy's Handy Book,' " he said, "inspired in me my ambition to go to the South Pole."

The house of Scribner, which has sold nearly two hundred and fifty thousand copies of the book during the past half-century, still prints another edition every now and then, and sells about two thousand copies a year. Inspiration for the work came from an article, "How to Camp Without a Tent," which Beard wrote and illustrated for *St. Nicholas* early in 1882 to help pay his fees at the Art Students' League. "How to Camp Without a Tent" caused such a sensation that its author decided to bestow a whole bookful of his vast knowledge of kindred subjects on the short-pants public. There were no satisfactory "how-to-make" books by American authors on the market



Daniel Carter Beard

fifty years ago. The nearest to them were books written by British authors in a style unintelligible to the juvenile Yankee mind. Dan bought a new box of pencils and set to work.

THE result is a remarkable volume, still as fascinating as on the day it appeared. It is divided into four parts, representing the seasons and containing instructions on What to Do and How to Do It the whole year round. "Spring" opens with a dissertation on kites. Prior to 1882, even a boy who didn't retain very well could make a kite out of two or three sticks, some paper and paste, a little string, and plenty of rags for a tail. But Beard brought in things as romantic as ivory, apes, and peacocks! Dan led off with directions and working drawings for a Man Kite four feet high. But did he stop there? He did not. Man Kites he used for bait. Just by way of limbering up, he offered the Woman Kite and the Boy Kite, and then switched over to the animal kingdom with the Frog Kite, the Butterfly Kite, the King Crab Kite, the Fish Kite, and the Turtle Kite. By that time the reader had presumably served his apprentice and journeyman time and was ready to take up some real fancy-work: the Star Kite or the Moving Star Kite, for example, or the Shield Kite, the Chinese Dragon Kite (a gorgeous contraption with thirty-two mirrors), the Japanese Square Kite, and finally the War Kite, with knives on its string to cut the strings of enemies.

Summer? A good way to begin summer was to learn to tie all the knots; for, as the author explained, "the art of tying knots is an almost necessary

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adjunct to not a few recreations. Especially is this true of summer sports, many of which are nautical or in some manner connected with the water." So you commenced with a simple overhand and progressed through the square, the bowline, the sheepshank, the timber hitch, and the double bowline until you came to the true lover's knot, which was "the last one you need to practise on, for one of these knots is as much as most persons can attend to, and ought to last a lifetime." As a kind of Ph.D. thesis in knots, bends, and hitches, Dan told "How to Make a Horse-Hair Watch-Guard."

For the rest of the year, there were a hundred other activities: balloons, blow-guns, boats, boomerangs, fishing, snow forts, snow statuary, taxidermy, trapping, to mention only a few. There was even an appendix on throwing stones. "The American Boy's Handy Book" brought fame and a very comfortable sum of money to its author, which enabled him to pay all his debts and buy a home for his parents. In 1896 and 1900, respectively, followed two companion volumes: "The Outdoor Handy Book. For Playground, Field, and Forest" and "The Jack of All Trades. Or, New Ideas for the American Boy." He followed these with thirteen others of a similar nature.

But it was those first three which brought him an esteem fully equal to that enjoyed by Teddy Roosevelt, Hans Wagner, and Harry Houdini. Before Scouting, thousands and thousands of boys read them over and over again, and they made being from ten to fifteen years old infinitely more exciting. In the heyday of this great how-to-make trilogy, Dan Beard was probably the greatest man in the United States, greater even than Teddy or Honus or Harry; for not only did he know everything worth knowing and not only had he seen and done everything worth seeing and doing, but he could, through these three books, make you feel that you, too, had been around a little. He was a magician who first astounded with his marvellous feats and then explained how to do them all. When, in 1905, he transferred his talents to the Boy Pioneers, and five years later to the Boy Scouts, he took an enormous following with him, made up not only of most of the current boys in the country but also of their fathers and uncles, who had been devoted Beardites in the past.

ALL the lore contained in those three golden books came naturally to their author, for his own boyhood had been decidedly of the Huck and Tom variety. He was born on June 21, 1850, in Cincinnati, the youngest son of James H. Beard, an itinerant painter of animals and portrait subjects who ground his own colors, stored them in fish-bladder tubes, and made his brushes from the hair of wild beasts. When Dan was a baby, his family moved across the Ohio to Covington, Kentucky. The Civil War broke out, and Covington became a beleaguered town, with Morgan's gray-clad raiders and the forces of Kirby Smith struggling for its possession. While his father served on the staff of General Lew Wallace, later the author of "Ben Hur," and two of his brothers also fought for the Union, Dan and his friends ran wild in the surrounding woods and prowled in the No Man's Land between the two armies.

After the war, he entered Worrall's Academy in Covington, was graduated with high honors in civil engineering, and practiced his profession for three years. Then came five years with the Sanborn Map & Publishing Company of New York, during which he made maps of nearly all the cities and towns east of the Mississippi and of plenty of the open spaces in between. He spent as much time as he could in his beloved woods, sketching plants and animals. In 1878, when he came to New York on a vacation and was staying at the studio of his brother Frank, the temperance cartoonist, on Water Street, he met A. W. Drake, the art editor of *Scribner's*. Drake saw a sketch of a fish which Dan had made, and bought it. Dan was so astounded at getting paid real money for what he had always regarded as pure pleasure that then and there he resolved "never to work again." With funds he earned as a free-lance illustrator, he joined the Art Students' League and studied there for four years under William Chase, Beckwith, and Sartain. While at the League, he met the seventeen-year-old Charles Dana Gibson. The two liked each other instantly and have remained the closest of friends ever since. In 1894, when Beard married, Gibson was his best man.

BECAUSE he has so long been associated with boys, the public has forgotten that Dan Beard was one of the foremost American illustrators back in the days when the illustration of books and magazines drew the most brilliant talent in the country and amounted to something as an art. One of his most cherished treasures is the following note:

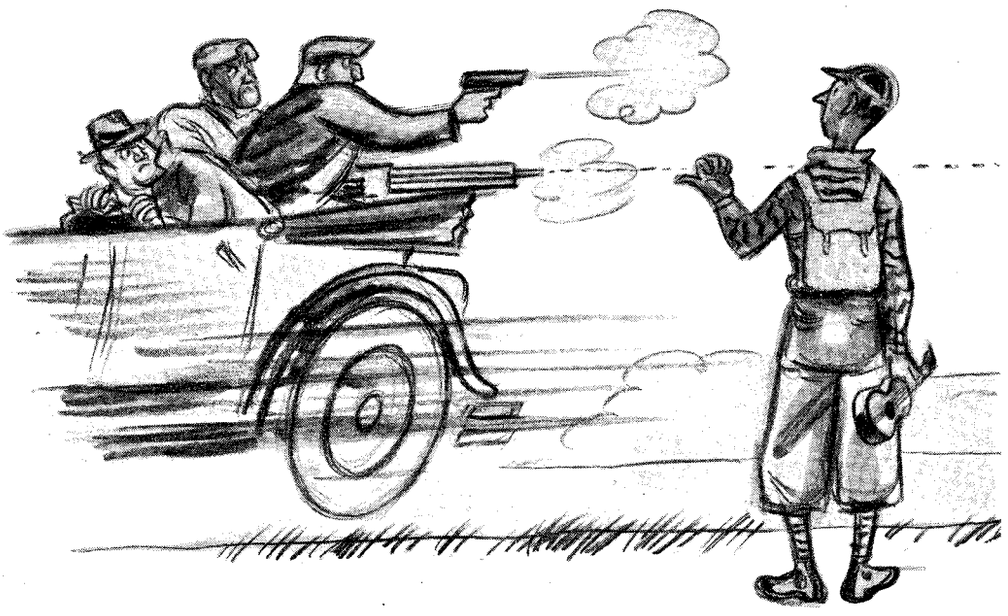
HARTFORD, CONN.,
November 11, 1889.

DEAR MR. BEARD:

Hold me under permanent obligations. What luck it was to find you! There are hundreds of artists who could illustrate any book of mine, but there is only one who could illustrate this one. Yes, it was a fortunate hour when I went netting for lightning bugs and caught a meteor.

Yours sincerely,
SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

Thus Mark Twain thanked him for



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illustrating the first edition of "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court." Owing to what was considered the anti-clerical nature of some of the drawings (mostly monks taking pulls from long tankards), Dan was boycotted for more than ten years by several magazines, which was astounding; for in 1889 he had already become an Inspirer of the Nation's Boyhood and was undoubtedly one of the most virtuous men in the United States. But he had caught perfectly with his pen the spirit of the book, and in 1889 magazine editors were pretty sissy. How sissy he indignantly recalled on his eightieth birthday, two years ago.

"The boys and girls of today are better than they ever were," he declared. "Of course, they talk more frankly and freely, and it's a darn good thing. Why, years ago a magazine editor wrote and told me I mustn't draw Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn barefooted. It wasn't respectable. It was immoral! And fifty years ago they wouldn't even let me draw a cow realistically."

Five of James Beard's children inherited his artistic talent: in addition to Dan and Frank, the temperance cartoonist (whose specialty was horrible saloonkeepers with heavy black mustachios), there were J. Carter, one of the best animal painters of his day, and Lina and Adelia, whose "American Girls' Handy Book" and similar works achieved almost as great a popularity as their brother's books for boys. In 1893, at the Women's School of Applied Design, Dan organized the world's first class in animal drawing, and conducted it for seven years. He served a term as president of the Society of Illustrators.

A TYPICAL phase of American social history during the past fifteen years has been the transformation of the Boy Scouts of America from a simple, loosely constructed club for teaching boys how to tie knots, hike in the woods, and observe the amenities, into a huge, high-pressure organization with public-relations counsels and ten-million-dollar drives. One has only to examine the present "Handbook for Boys," the Boy Scout's Bible, and compare it with its early editions to note the difference. Once the manual consisted mostly of lectures on woodcraft by Beard and Thompson-Seton, now it is cluttered up with inspirational messages by Edgar A. Guest, Dr. Frank Crane, and "Hurry-Up" Yost.

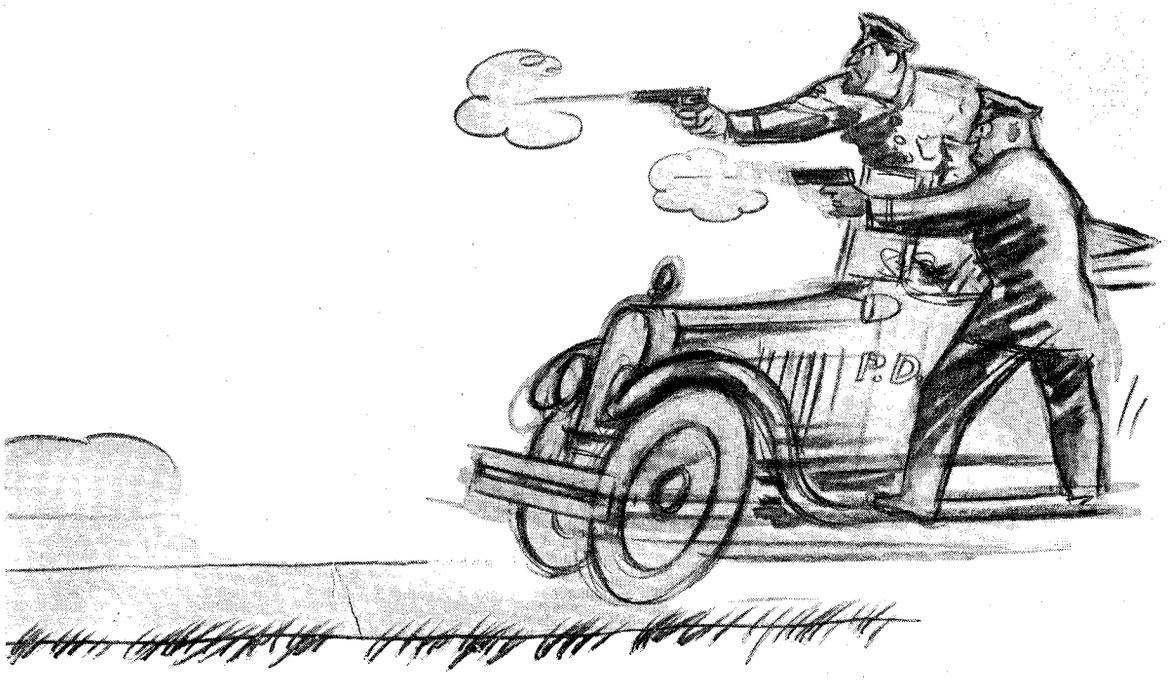
Dan Beard is untouched by all these things. It is doubtful that he is even aware of them. Any criticism of the Boy Scouts of America would mean to him only a criticism of the boys themselves, which would be unthinkable. In 1927, a professor of educational psychology at Yale announced that a Boy Scout would cheat in the classroom just as readily as other boys. There were charts and graphs to prove it. Dan almost went crazy.

"There *are* no fundamentally bad boys," he answered fiercely. "In all my life, no boy has ever gone back on me."

One of his most famous utterances on the subject went: "I would rather be a boy than any king or emperor that ever lived. I'd rather be an American boy than President of the United States, or anything else in the world."

TODAY, at eighty-two, Beard is still appallingly active. Last year, when the mercury hit 105 in the shade at Frankfort, Kentucky, he marched for miles and miles at the head of a procession, laid a wreath on the monument of Daniel Boone on the outskirts of town, and then marched back again while men a quarter his age swooned around him. As National Scout Commissioner and Chairman of the National Court of Honor, which awards medals to Scouts who have performed gallant deeds, he spends a good part of the year travelling around the country to rallies and demonstrations. And every month he contributes an article, complete with drawings, to *Boys' Life*, the movement's official periodical, of which he is an associate editor. In short, being Holy Trinity to the Boy Scouts of America keeps him going at the highest pressure.

Save for two months every summer, when he goes to his boys' camp at Hawley, Pennsylvania, he lives in Suffern, New York, at the foothills of the Ramapos, in a white house surrounded by sixteen acres. Dressed in plus-fours and a cap, he gives the lie to his white chin whiskers by leaping stiles and fences in a manner dismaying to a city dweller fifty years his junior.



Many honors have come to him, including the naming of an Alaskan peak, adjoining Mt. McKinley, Mt. Beard; but his proudest possession is the gold medal he received from the Roosevelt Memorial Association in 1927 for "leadership of youth and the development of American character."

Three years ago,

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at Arrowe Park, Cheshire, England, the Boy Scouts held a world jamboree to celebrate the organization's twenty-first birthday. There were fifty thousand of them assembled on the parade ground from forty-two nations of the earth, including Japan, Siam, and Iraq. Suddenly they all shouted at once. It was a salute. Daniel Carter Beard, standing on the reviewing platform, looked upon his work and saw that it was good. —JOEL SAYRE

• •

OF ALL THINGS

ONE can readily understand Mr. Hoover's reluctance about inviting our Governor down for a talk. It is always annoying to have to show the place to a prospective tenant.

•

Congress recovered a lot of its lost popularity on the last day of the session. The relief bill was well received and the adjournment took the country by storm.

•

The costly Dr. Schroeder is to have six more years as Sanitation Commissioner. This will run into money, but it should be remembered that William is in business for our health, not his own.

•

The President has finally come around to the idea of federal relief for the suffering. Fortunately the word "dole" has disappeared from our beautiful language.

•

It was Carter Glass, of all people, who made the first move in the Senate for repeal. The trouble is that the Glass amendment would let loose a terrible flood of bad puns.

•

The Willard Straight Post has been suspended from the American Legion for its opposition to the bonus. The boys had a silly idea that they should not hit a treasury when it is down.

•

When our grandchildren cluster about our rheumatic knees, they may ask this embarrassing question: What did *you* do in the great war between Hearst and Japan?

•

A fellow in Pasadena has a midget motorcar to take him around the golf links. The happy day will come when that game is freed from the curse of physical exercise.

•

Fifteen of our less prudish periodicals had to agree to suspend publication. The loss to art and letters is, by a generous estimate, trifling.

•

How to torture a geography student: Explain how Roosevelt of New York leads the West's revolt against Eastern domination as represented by Hoover of California.

•

There is widespread resentment across the river over the revival of the name Dodgers. Brooklynites claim that these honest fellows are candidates for a pennant, not for public office.

•

England and France have made a pact which is almost perfect. They agree about everything except what the agreement is about.

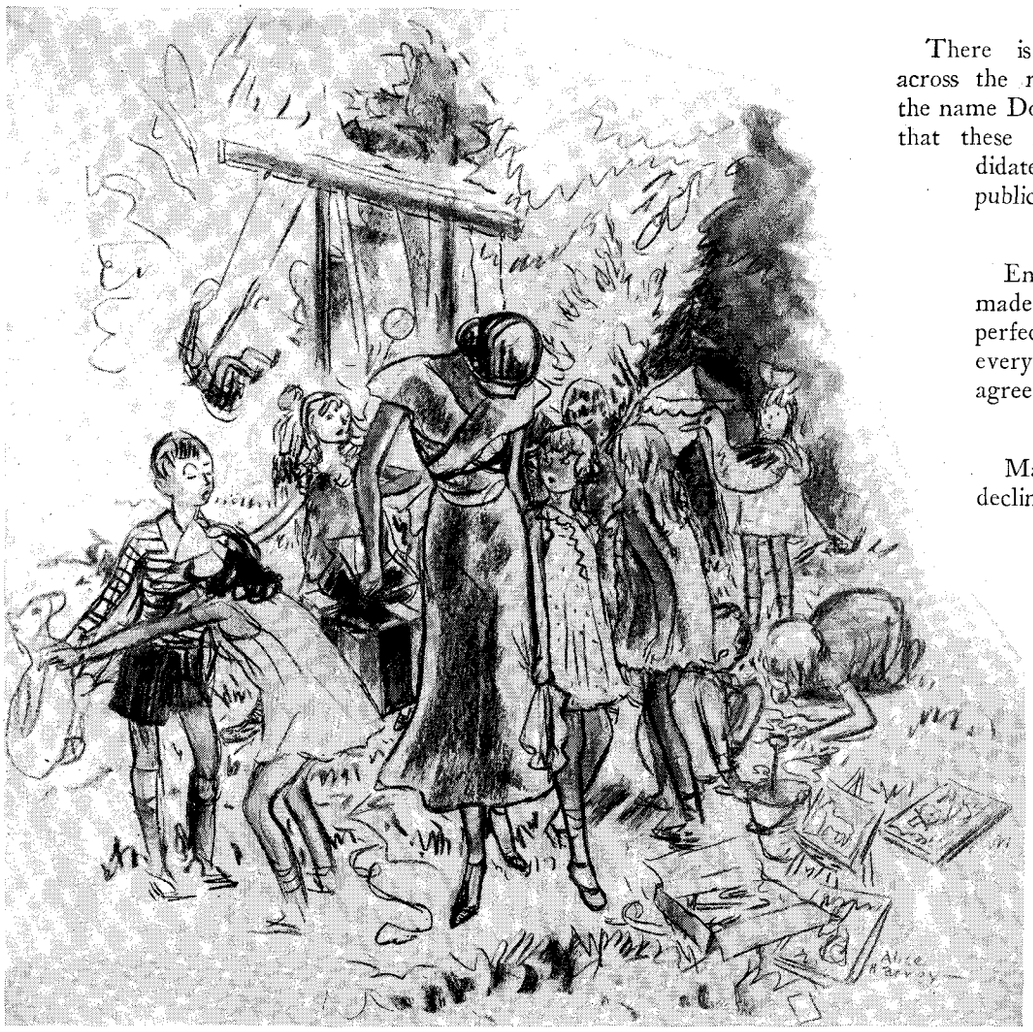
•

Maine is worried about the decline in the supply of lobsters. This is a pretty serious matter because lobsters are the state's greatest source of revenue, next to tourists.

•

Those who think that government is too costly forget what we are getting. The Department of Agriculture has issued a bulletin on thirty ways to cook carrots, and the Department of Commerce has discovered that drugstores sell more of everything else than drugs.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER



"Mother, please don't hang around."

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"Mrs. Wilbert brings a message to all gladiola-lovers."

• • •

I'M TELLING YOU

At night, when you *should* sleep, you can't sleep yet;
Money you *should* keep, you can't keep yet;
Troubles you *shouldn't*, you hold on to;
Things that you *should* do, you don't want to;
Things that you *shouldn't*, you're always doing:
You *should* be eschewing the food you're chewing,
But spinach you nibble, and act like a hero—
So what will the *end* be? Well, *where* is Nero?

People who *owe* you, they must be sailors,
But people whom *you* owe are locusts and tailors;
The things you're expecting, they get aphasia,
But those you're avoiding fly over from Asia;
You do something good, you get *pooh* for your trouble;
You do something bad, you get pooh'd double;
If you feel sick, you look sturdy—
So what will the *end* be? Well, *where* is Verdi?

If you want to sleep late, it's always Monday;
If you're up with the wolves, it's sure to be Sunday;
If you're feeling gay, it's a rotten party;
If you want to go home, the others get hearty;
If you want to die, you could thrive on weasels;
If you want to live, you could even get measles;
Crooks grow rich and *you* stay broke yet—
So what will the *end* be? Ask James K. Polk yet!

If you want to go out, you could tear your hair yet,
You could even break dishes, and not think where yet;
If you want to stay in, a dozen people
Bang at the phone like bats in a steeple;
If you want to write poems, day and night yet
You could pray and fast, but it's movies you'll write yet;
If *you* want to ride, *she* says: "We'll walk, eh?"
Then what can the *end* be? So Polk won't talk, eh?

If Garbo wants you, you want Kay Francis,
Who loves her husband and sits out dances;
If Francis wants you, you can always bet a
(Have you *got* a nickel?) you're crazy for Greta;
If you vote for Smith, they elect Bimberg;
If you vote for Bimberg, they want Timberg;
If you vote for Timberg, they choose Ryan—
So what could the *end* be? Wire Bryan,
Phone Columbus, see Mahaffy,
But stop asking—I'm going daffy!

—SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

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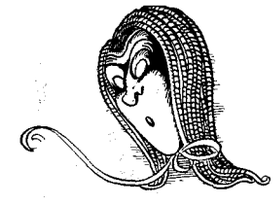
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



ATTENTION OF MR. HOOVER

IN one of the letters of Sidonius, that charming and intensely epistolary Auvergnat who, towards the end of the Fifth Century, became Bishop of Clermont, there is a vivid and still twinkling description of a jolly week-end party near Arles. The good Bishop happened to attend it because a muscular posse sent forth by the host waylaid him on the road to Rome and invited him by main force. They thus captured their noble guest from under the frustrate nose of a neighbor whose less vigilant emissaries, instructed to exercise a like firmness in hospitality, were lurking around the next bend in the road. In our own land and time (wherein, by the way, not a few of the social phenomena bear a disquieting resemblance to those of the Rome that saw the barbarians swarm through the twilight) the chatelaines of our mushroom grandees have been driven to measures as desperate in their stern resolve to populate their yawning guest rooms.

Admittedly I know no instance of a salon recruited by sheer physical duress, but there do occur to me the names of some ravenous hostesses who would never hesitate at ruthless insistence tinged with perjury. I remember, for example, an ineluctable matron whose capture for one nightmare week-end was none other than Noel Coward. It was when that intense young Briton was exhausting himself nightly in the callisthenics and ardors of "This Year of Grace." In the projection of his "Dance, Little Lady" number alone he was expending enough facial expression to undermine a less considerable constitution, and even for that heart of oak a Sunday of perfect quiet was a weekly necessity if he was to keep on giving his all to his public throughout the engagement. The hostess, whose pressure finally carried him off for the week-end to her place on Long Island, promised him a day of pastoral tranquillity and a night of conventual hush. What she actually provided was a ginny pandemonium, a household of fellow guests all of whom were romps, fairly bursting with animal spirits. Then they were so numerous that there had to be much good-natured doubling up at night, and, as a climax of discomfort, Coward found himself sharing a room with a perfect stranger—or rather, as it turned out, a somewhat imperfect stranger—who, to be specific, snored.

BY four in the morning the hubbub of the retiring house-party had so far subsided that nothing could be heard in their part of Long Island except that crisp, indomitable snore. To its rhythm, the shattered Coward, whispering to himself that Britons never should be slaves, dressed stealthily in the darkness, tiptoed in burglarious fashion down the stairs, felt his way to the door, and, abandoning his luggage to its fate, fled into the sweet, snow-shrouded night. He had fallen down several embankments and wandered through uncharted gardens and coverts for two hours before he came at last to a highway, hailed a drowsy dairy-wagon, rode among the cans to the station, and took the milk train back to town. By this time he was something of a wreck, but even so I think no other exit he ever made gave him so much deep, nourishing satisfaction. When I heard of it I remembered once coming upon George Arliss's name in a guest book. In the column headed "Departed" and meant, I assume, for dates, Mr. Arliss had merely written the word "Quietly."

SOMETIMES I find it both agreeable and enlightening to recall an occasion when, in a similar plight, I myself made a like decision, and made it even more swiftly. I cannot pretend that all the better estates in this region are angry rivals for the boon of my visits, but even a comparative pariah is sometimes favored with an invitation he does not wish to accept. Several years ago I received such an invitation—it was in the season of winter sports—and it is the point of this story that, against all my notions of what constitutes good manners and good sense, I accepted it. It was not merely that, like Mr. Coward, I should have known better. I did know better. I knew from bitter experience that the bed assigned me would be Procrustean, that there would be no reading light over or near it, and no use for one anyway because the only literature in the guest room would be a gift edition of "Janice Meredith." I knew that my quarters would inevitably be under the play room where my host's little ones would indulge in matutinal exercises of dismaying vigor. I knew that the prevailing pastime would be contract at a tenth of a cent with a good deal of time out for memoirs about the hands. Finally, I knew—the crowning dread of all—that my hostess was writing a play and that she would successfully ignore my plaintive disinclination to read it. I knew all these things and yet, with despicable spinelessness—a curious mixture of inertia and poltroonery—I accepted the invitation.

Later I did try to wriggle out on the ground that I was scheduled to speak at a dinner in New York that Saturday night. But it seems that after re-arranging the program so that my turn would come first, I could, by walking out under the reproachful gaze of the other speakers, just catch the last train at ten o'clock. My host's car would meet me in Oyster Bay. This fine-drawn scheme worked well enough up to the point when I reached the Long Island station and found that there *was* no ten o'clock train. It seems that that big dreamer, my host, had advised me from a summer time-table. Why I did not then and there thank God and go home to bed I do not know. Instead, impelled by the strange irrational momentum of a first intention, I telephoned that there had been some mistake about the train and that I would come out by car.

It took some time to hire one and a steady fall of fine sleet made the going difficult. The car did a schottische across the Queensboro Bridge. The home for which I was headed is hard enough to find on a clear midsummer day. At midnight in a stormy February it was impossible to find. Long after midnight we were still floundering up trackless sideways. No one seemed astir in that part of the world. No one else was weak-minded enough to be out on the roads on such a night. In the snowfall the

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A *Paper for* *The Play-goer*

THE STAGE is made for people who go to the theatre—not for stay-at-homes.

We do hear of people who derive vicarious entertainment from its pages; but most of the twenty-odd thousand readers of THE STAGE know what's on the boards. They are the inveterate play-goers.

Being constant habitués of the theatre, and loving the world of the theatre, they love THE STAGE; because it enriches their pleasure in the plays they see and renews their enjoyment of the plays they saw.

And because the editors of THE STAGE look upon the theatre as itself entertaining, we conceive it to be our own task to entertain, to spade up the trivia in the theatre news, the gossip and chit-chat of theatre personalities, the sidelights on various things theatrical—all of it dished up with a luxurious generosity of illustration and an inviting quality of printing and typography.

If you are not acquainted with this spirited paper, THE STAGE, pick a copy off the nearest newsstand, and decide for yourself how indispensable this magazine is to the play-goer.

25 cents
on principal newsstands

By subscription, $2.50 a year

THE
STAGE

50 EAST 42ND ST. NEW YORK

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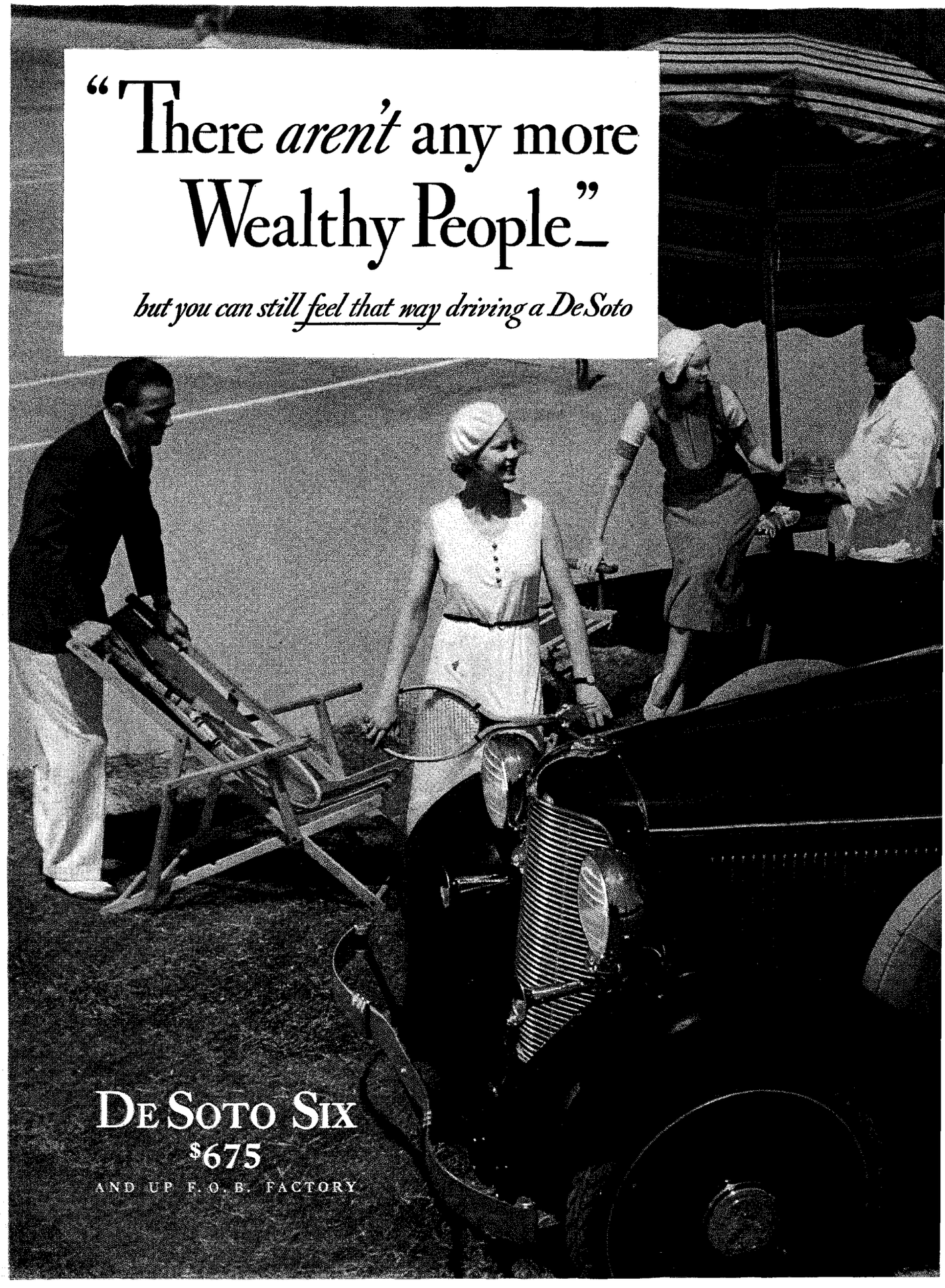

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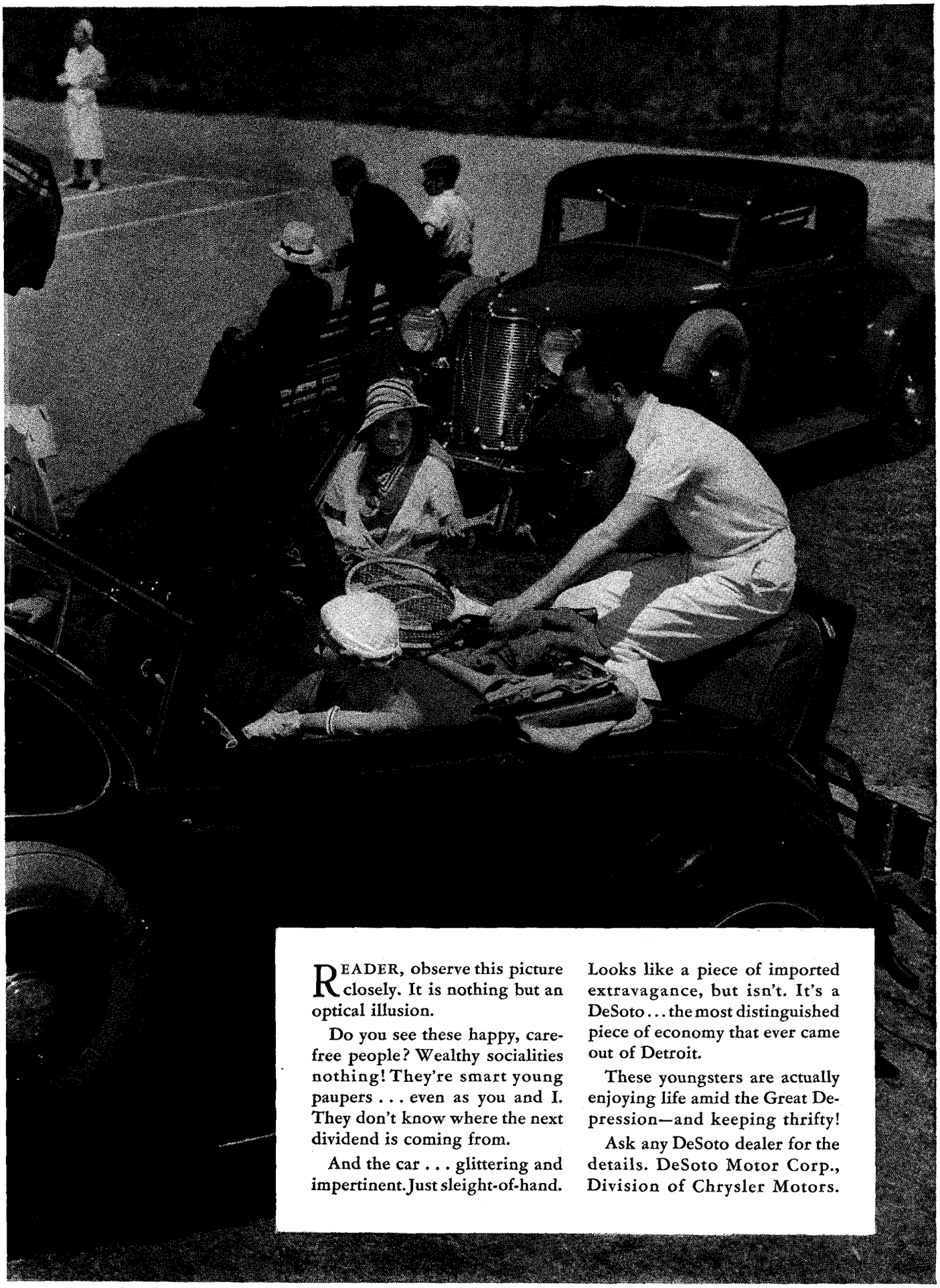

READER, observe this picture closely. It is nothing but an optical illusion.

Do you see these happy, carefree people? Wealthy socialities nothing! They're smart young paupers . . . even as you and I. They don't know where the next dividend is coming from.

And the car . . . glittering and impertinent. Just sleight-of-hand. Looks like a piece of imported extravagance, but isn't. It's a DeSoto . . . the most distinguished piece of economy that ever came out of Detroit.

These youngsters are actually enjoying life amid the Great Depression—and keeping thrifty!

Ask any DeSoto dealer for the details. DeSoto Motor Corp., Division of Chrysler Motors.

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This New Magazine that is Arts & Decoration

FOR nearly two decades, Arts and Decoration has served the interests of an aristocracy of taste in the three adjacent fields of building, decoration and horticulture.

In the field of decoration and the arts, its authority has been preeminent. Its contribution to originality and taste has won it unchallenged leadership in its field.

Now, Decoration in our times is becoming more and more an adventure in something beyond mere aesthetics. Decoration becomes a source and starting point for those living programs which derive naturally from the love of beauty and the graces of existence.

What more natural, then, that Arts and Decoration should proceed from the concrete subject of beauty in the home and its surroundings to those preoccupations for which beauty is a background and a setting?

So Arts and Decoration in the future will fuse into its editorial program not alone the newest and the best that is in vogue in the field of decoration, but the latest word of those gaieties and graces of living which are the charm of a civilized and sophisticated existence.

The magazine will be made not alone for people who love beauty in their homes, but love to share it with their friends. The magazine, in a word, will be made for people who entertain.

We shall deal with games and play; with music; with the theatre and the dance; with travel; in short, with all of those adventures in which a smart and sophisticated society engages.

Have the old songs a new vogue? Then Arts and Decoration will deal entertainingly with them.

Do Bagatelle and Tric-trac and Avarice deplete the bridge tables? Then Arts and Decoration will tell who are playing them and how.

Is it worth the while of the traveler to Paris to search out La Vanne Rouge and Du Vrai Arbre Robinson? Then Arts and Decoration will find and pass on the word of the places that are fresh, new, amusing.

And so on—through the arts and graces of living.

* * *

Arts and Decoration will deal none the less with the decorative arts, with what is distinctive and fine, stimulating and new in decorative interiors and their accessories.

It *will* deal less with the small home; and less with the practical aspects of home construction—which we gladly leave to our able contemporaries.

Its reader content will contain material for the lover of flowers; but such pieces will be written for the amateur gardener who supports a professional one at his country place.

Above all, a younger group of writers will bring to the paper a fresher, gayer touch. Arts and Decoration has always been an authority and will continue to be an authority on the decorative arts; but it will not deal with its material authoritatively—in the sense that its articles will be written with the solemn and pontifical wisdom of the expert. Enthusiasm will characterize its pages. Its articles will be shorter—and more swiftly paced. It will be luxurious in illustration, and its pictures will be many and varied; and arresting and stimulating in the ideas they offer.

It will be altogether a modern magazine, made for Moderns; full of the amenities of existence, a zestful, inviting publication made wholly for that small but selective audience which conforms to the standards of gracious living.

This—our promise.

Will you not glance at the August issue—published to-day—and determine yourself how compellingly readable a magazine it is for people who love the best things of every kind?

Arts & Decoration

578 Madison Avenue

—

50 cents the copy

By subscription, $6. a year

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signposts were illegible. Finally we made our way back to a cross-roads where the driver, flashlight in hand, stood on my back and attempted to read a sign. This was the posture of events when I suddenly began to laugh in a manner that may well have sounded faintly maniacal. Here was I going to ruinous expense and exposing myself to the perils of double pneumonia all in order that I might get to a house where I did not want to go anyway. As I reflected on my folly I so shook with laughter that the driver was obliged to come down to earth. I rushed him back to the car and flung him an address in a fine, congested block in Manhattan. It was clear from his manner that he thought I had taken leave of my senses, whereas, of course, I had only just recovered them.

A LONG drive home can be usefully devoted to meditations on one's own imbecility. Straining every nerve to get to some place where I really did not want to be? My life, ladies and gentlemen, in a nutshell. Or if not that precisely, at least I find I must pause, from time to time, and take stock if I would keep from expending a good deal of witless energy on striving for something that could not better my state, on fretting over some loss that has left me no poorer, on dreading some event that would not really matter to me or to anyone else. Straining every nerve to get somewhere I do not want to be. Not bright, that's all. Yet I suspect it is a common failing. At least I seem to notice it in others. For instance, it is my guess that many a bridegroom, having mistaken a feigned reluctance for desirability, first realizes only in the dreary congestion of the nuptial couch that he has succeeded, with tremendous effort, in getting to a place where he did not really want to be. And in human activities more accessible to an onlooker, one cannot help noticing the same phenomenon. One can even observe it functioning in the more conspicuous didoes of men in high places. Any onlooker, for example, could clear our Mr. Hoover's head for him (and fortify him with some consoling philosophical reflections that might come in handy next November) by pointing out that, throughout what must have been the four most intensely unenjoyable and profoundly disappointing years of his life, he has been stopping at nothing in his effort to stay where he really does not—where he really cannot—want to be. —ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

"Dash it, Sir!

I KNOW WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT"

Only the **Westinghouse** *is Dual-automatic*

IT'S REALLY remarkable — the loyal support that a good refrigerator like the Westinghouse Dual-automatic receives from the most exacting and irascible tenant. Take the Major for instance — six months ago he was a thorn in his landlord's side. Now he's the berries. And we don't mean raspberries, either. Just look at him, bouncing his blood-pressure forty points over his weight, just because his erstwhile friend Twyckenham Walpole dared to insinuate that there were other electric refrigerators in the world. It will take a darn good refrigerator to cool the Major off after that, if you'd ask us.

However, the Major is only half right. There *are* other electric refrigerators, so we've heard. But there is only one that combines an hermetically-sealed top-mounted freezing mechanism with buffet-top convenience *and* super-charged cooling efficiency. Only *one* that offers an all-porcelain interior (including the froster) *plus* such extra features as all-steel cabinet construction and flat, ribbon wire shelves. And last but not least, only *one* that is Dual-automatic, combining fast-freezing Selective Temperature Control with completely self-operating emergency thermostatic control.

TO APARTMENT OWNERS WITH THORNS IN THEIR SIDES: Let's get together and talk over the cash return on an investment in Westinghouse Dual-automatic Refrigeration. We'd like to have you look over the complete line of latest models at our showroom, and take advantage of our helpful kitchen planning services.

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE REPORTORIAL DANCE MARATHON

THERE used to be a man who went around the small-time vaudeville circuits hypnotizing people in a harmless sort of way. Instead of making them insensible and stretching them across chairs, he would simply snap his fingers and send them into involuntary ecstasies of hopping up and down, with occasional pirouettes thrown in as their own idea. The people knew all the time what they were doing, and seemed to have a perfectly clear realization of the fact that they were not behaving in grown-up fashion, for they giggled a great deal between hops and occasionally cried out "Stop me, stop me!" But they went right on hopping up and down, nevertheless, perspiring and giggling protestations, until the Master Mind snapped his fingers again and put an end to their embarrassment.

Under the strange spell of a political convention, the newspapers seem to behave in much the same fashion. They can't seem to stop writing about it, even though they know perfectly well that there is nothing to write about. The dullest, most cut-and-dried convention in the world, such as the recent Republican minuet at Chicago, can bring out a rash of assignments which covers the place with hundreds of unnecessary reporters writing hundreds of unnecessary columns, all the time saying, in those very columns: "Isn't this the darndest fool thing to be doing? Why doesn't somebody stop us?" But they keep right on doing it, every four years, perspiring and giggling at themselves, until the last peal of the organ has sounded and they sink exhausted to the floor, poorer by sheaves of expense accounts and richer only by several million words which nobody but the copy desks have read. It is one of the many mysteries of modern journalism.

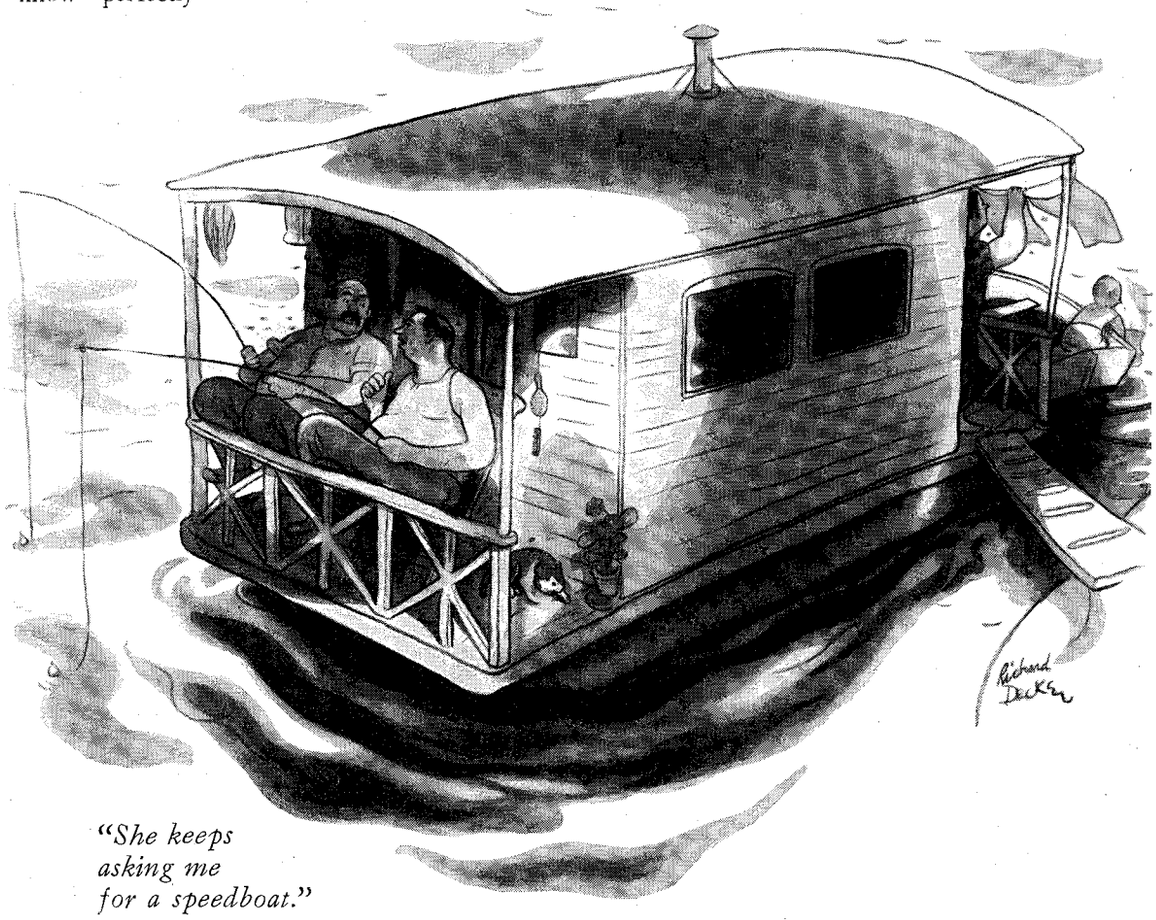
On the day following the opening of the Republican convention, a day corresponding in news value to the day of the opening of the Dahlia Show, the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* ran neck and neck in a frantic race to print eight solid pages of nothing much, including photographs of same. The *Times*, in its makeup, rendered this plethora of type a little easier to take by skipping, after Page 1, to Page 10 for the remainder of its seven pages, but the *Herald Tribune* ploughed right on through Pages 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, until the reader (or rather the skipper) began to think that there never *was* going to be any news in his paper that morning. Of course, the *Herald Tribune*, being the Republican Koran, had some excuse, and maybe the *Times* was indulging in a little Democratic propaganda, but as the *Times* kept right on during the Democratic convention, it must have been that there was some idea of filling a reader-demand. The Hearst papers, always more alive to what is likely to be read, were content with about half as much space, and most of that was personal comment by their highly personal commentators. Of the evenings, the *Sun* kept its head the clearest, and the *World-Telegram*, being terribly excited over the whole thing on account of its new-found hero, Mr. Smith, more nearly approximated the frenzy of the *Times* and *Herald Tribune*.

And, incidentally, the editorial in the *World-Telegram*, in which it explained its shift to the Smith camp, was one of the most honest and succinct bits of editorial writing we have ever encountered. It will bear reprinting as a model:

THE ANSWER

The Scripps-Howard declaration for Smith as against Roosevelt has brought from many sources this query:—"If you think so much of Smith today why didn't you support him against Hoover in 1928?" The answer is, we wish we had.

OLD-TIME newspaper readers received a pleasant shock of surprise on reading their *Journal* to see the by-line of a man who, it was feared,



"She keeps asking me for a speedboat."

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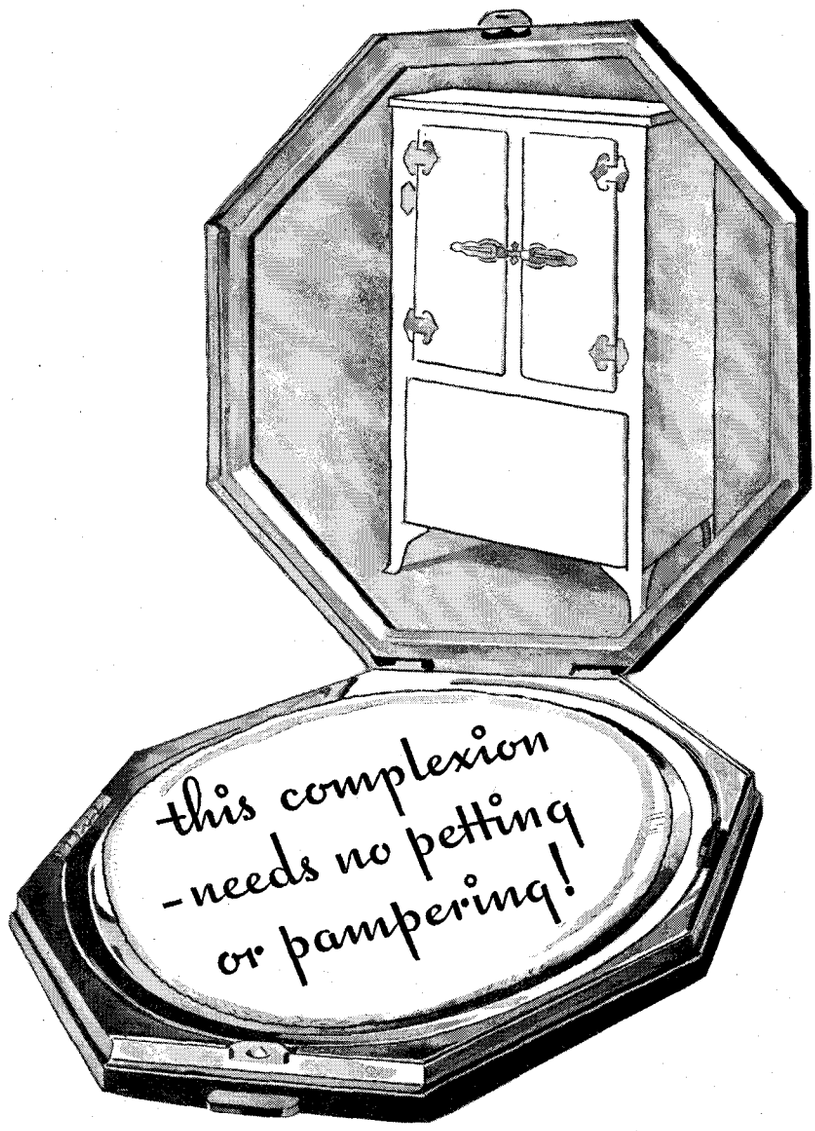

Just a quick-once-over with a damp cloth is the only "beauty treatment" Frigidaire's gleaming white complexion will ever require! Neither grease nor dirt can leave a mark that won't wipe away—*presto!* Neither time nor accident will mar its abuse-proof surface. For the Frigidaire White Line is finished in Lifetime Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. • • • And there's nothing skin-deep about Frigidaire's beauty. Acid-resisting porcelain is used in the food compartments where stains are most likely to occur and in the famous Frigidaire Hydrator that keeps vegetables appetizingly fresh long beyond their time! • • • No other refrigerator can offer you so many advantages as Frigidaire. Come in for a demonstration—then make your own comparison. And when you do decide on Frigidaire, you will be surprised to learn how easy it is to own.

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A town house under the stars

by BETTY MARTIN

The New York town house of today is a penthouse at London Terrace . . . up under the stars where it's peaceful and quiet and cool . . . and so privately your own, you can forget that you live in the city. The six-room penthouses are actually individual houses, and you will be surprised that so much luxury costs so little. Terrace apartments are much less expensive, so be sure to see these, too.

6-room penthouses, terraced 4 sides $325
6-room penthouses, terraced 3 sides $240
4-room terrace apartment $250
4 rooms, setback, $175 . . . . . 3 rooms, $95
2 room, kitchenette $82.50
1 room dressing-room, kitchen $67.50
1 room and kitchenette $66

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Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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INCORPORATED
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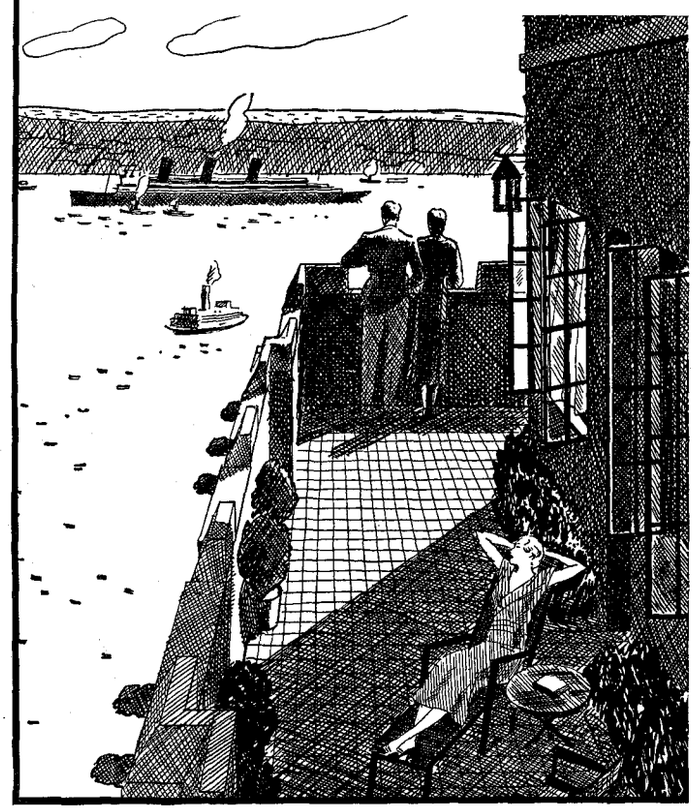

London Terrace *in Old Chelsea*

had become nothing but a legend in reportorial mythology: that of Frank Ward O'Malley, for too many years a disillusioned recluse in Europe and Brielle, New Jersey. Mr. O'Malley, in his correspondence, ran true to form as a satirist by making a point of never getting out of his, or somebody else's, hotel-room and only occasionally mentioning the convention at all. If some of the other commentators had been as smart, or as frank, the papers might have been better reading.

A MYSTERIOUS shrinkage in space accorded by the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune* to the last, and most exciting, day of the Democratic convention (two fewer pages than on that electrifying opening day of the Republican meeting) might possibly be explained by the fact that the news of Roosevelt's nomination broke on Saturday, July 2, in unfortunate coincidence with the combination weekend and Fourth of July stoppage of department-store advertising, leaving less white paper to be filled by the news department. On such mundane considerations sometimes depends the reading public's contact with world events.

Whatever may have been the Prohibition sentiments of individual delegates to the two conventions, the newspaper photographs made them all look drunk.

While we were on the subject of succinct and lucid editorial writing, we might have mentioned a writer for the Hearst publications who, when he takes it into his head to do a piece, usually manages to say what he has to say in unmistakable terms and with a minimum of wordage. He not only makes his subject clear (as in his editorial on the Sales Tax particularly) but is master of a certain sly humor rarely found in writers who feel very strongly on a subject (as in his letter some years ago concerning a little personal unpleasantness with the Republic of France). These random contributions have the by-line "William Randolph Hearst."

Another, and newer, feature of daily newspaper reading which combines reportorial sense with a highly distinctive humor is the ship-news

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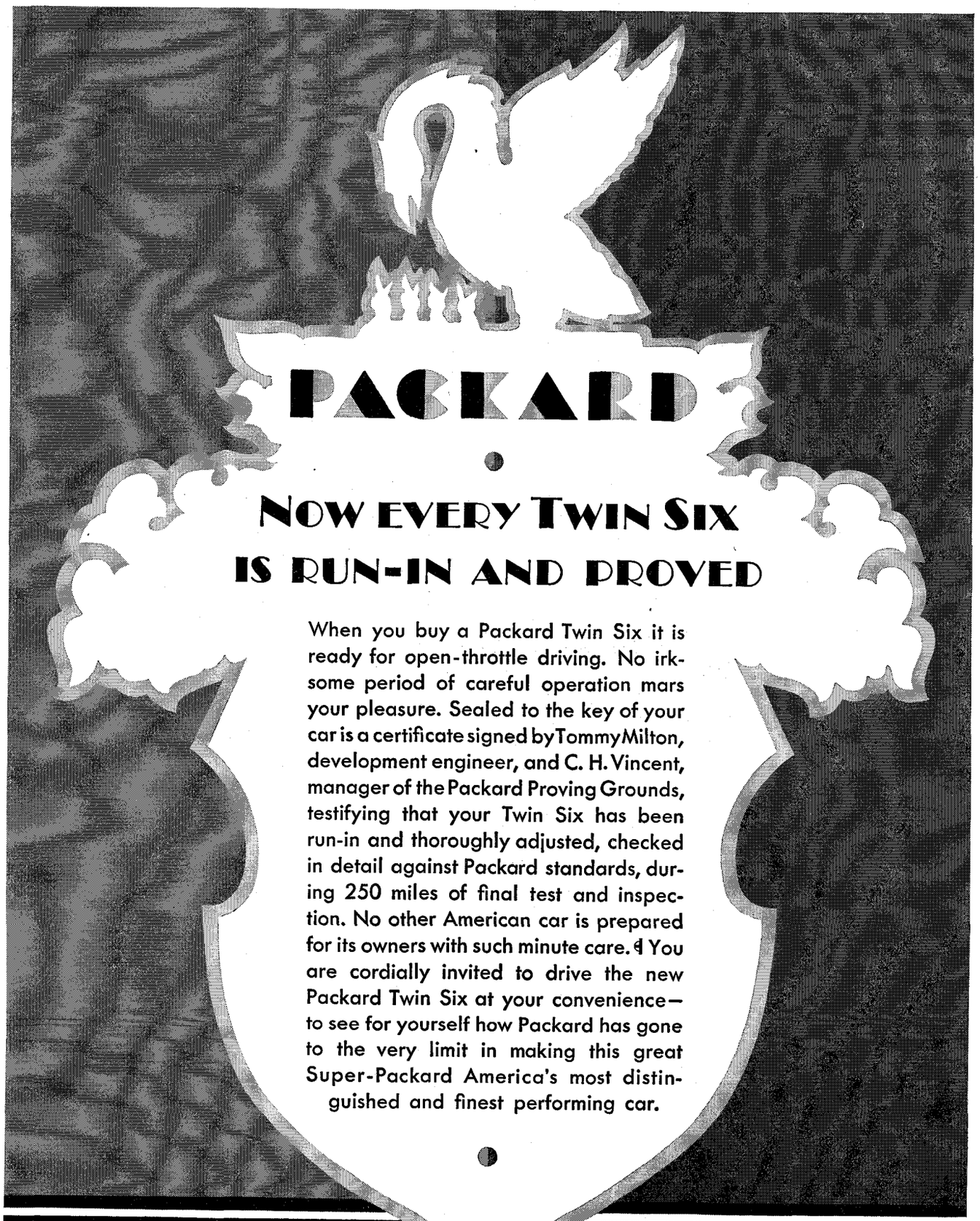

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Ask the man who owns one

Broadway at 61st Street
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PARK AVENUE PACKARD, Inc.: 6 East 57th Street
WEST END PACKARD CO., Inc.: Broadway at 106th Street

BRONX: 696 East Fordham Road
BROOKLYN: Atlantic at Classon Avenue

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Two Vacations in One!

To NOVA SCOTIA and BERMUDA

on the famous liner

BELGENLAND

Sailings: July 30; Aug. 6,13,20,27

6 Glorious days fares from $75

Make this cruise the feature of your vacation plan—six of the happiest days you ever spent . . . the beautiful, luxurious transatlantic liner *Belgenland* gives you all the luxuries of the finest ocean travel!

And you'll be delighted with quaint Nova Scotia . . . with the exotic beauty you'll find on the Island of Bermuda.

Apply to your local travel agent—the cruise authority in your community.

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column called "On the Sun Deck," which appears daily in the *Sun*. It is run by John McClain, and succeeds in separating the sheep from the goats among returning travelers by the simple process of giving one short quotation from their remarks made while the ship is docking. Mr. McClain also manages to get a little comedy into the handouts from the steamship companies themselves, remarkable when you realize that the steamship companies aren't feeling so comical these days. You don't have to be a fiend for ship news to get a laugh out of "On the Sun Deck."

WE are glad to note that the *Post* has discontinued its "full-house" system of indicating what column to turn to on an inside page in order to finish a story you have begun on the first. Some months ago an ingenious but highly confusing scheme was devised, whereby each column on the front page carried at its bottom a series of spades, hearts, clubs, diamonds, and several other symbols outside the regular deck (presumably used in a Chinese pack), and all you had to do was turn to the inside page and fill a full house, straight, or inside straight with corresponding symbols, and there you were—reading your story again! This was all very well for rainy days or Sunday afternoons, but it did cut in on subway reading. Now an even more inspired method has been adopted. At the foot of each front-page column is a legend, saying simply "Continued on Back Page This Section, Column Two" or "Continued on Page Two, Column Three." It is funny no one ever thought of that before.

In what all the papers refer to as "the welter" of news stories concerning murder, politics, flood, and famine, it is always a comfort to turn to your *Morning Telegraph* and be sure that the eight-column head is going to deal with nothing more depressing than where Equipoise finished in the fourth race. It helps us keep our balance.

—GUY FAWKES

•

Announcements .....*See Calendar*
Offertory—Organ .....
Alexander Schreiner
Hymn 489—"He Leadeth Me".....
Congregation Standing
Sermon—"The Passing of the Depression".....*Dr. Norman Vincent Peal*
Hymn 849—"Pass Me Not".....
Congregation Standing

—From a program of the First M.E. Church of Los Angeles.

Everybody up!

STILL IN THE

"STATE OF NATURE"

. . . no, we're not developing a Nudist cult. But, this Saratoga Geyser water offered you by New York State is literally in the state that Nature made it. Not a thing has been added but the *bottles*. Nature has been a pretty successful originator along a lot of lines. She fairly out-did herself when she produced Saratoga Geyser. Drink it at meals, between, when you've "done" yourself a little too well—before you turn down the lights—and the sheets.

• Ask for Saratoga Geyser at grocers, druggists, hotels and restaurants and insist on the green, shield-shaped label with the State Seal—it insures your getting a State-owned *naturally carbonated, mineral water of Saratoga.*

• Send for booklet on the New York State owned waters and baths. Address: Saratoga Springs Commission, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

SARATOGA
GEYSER
WATER

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FUNICULI, FUNICULA

SEPPI is an institution. A Manhattan sacrament whose outward signs of inward grace consist of somewhat soiled and miscellaneous garments, battered hat, furious mustachios, and an unlimited grin exposing something really handsome in the way of dentalwork. Additional resources include a basso profundo of amazing range and penetration, a wobbly push-cart, and stock varying from just bananas in the dead of winter to "banan - lettuce - tomat - radsh - and - spring-on'" at the height of the season. And oh, the friendliness of him! Friendly, he is clubby to the point of downright intimacy. But not offensive, you understand. You could never think of Seppi as fresh.

Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays he reaches our section—old dwelling houses condemned in their dotage to pose as semi-respectable apartments—and as his wares are fresh and dependable, he does quite a brisk business. But even if they were second-hand bananas, he would probably sell them. For Seppi has a technique which, whether the result of well-planned cunning or utter naïveté, is unique and precious in a city where the people who inhabit the floor above you are simply foot noises on the ceiling. To a new customer, Seppi leads off with:

"Hey, you, whatsa you name, huh?"

With the answer under his hat—where it remains; for at all future encounters, he will address you by your correct name and title (with allowances for accent variations)—he proceeds by the direct-question method:

"You married lady, huh?"

"You got bambinos, huh?"

"You husb beeg doctor, huh?"

And so on until he knows about all there is to know and the information is tabulated in a mind that must be as orderly as a well-kept filing cabinet. Thereafter, every time he makes a ten-cent sale, there is a ten-minute conversation, purely social. Seppi's chum-to-chum attitude is habit-forming. Anyway, after two years of three days a week, you find yourself definitely attached to him. It may come as a shock, but the tie is there.

SO, all along the street, we discovered it last fall, when Seppi went suddenly out of our lives. He just stopped coming; that was all. It disrupted the neighborhood. People who had lived side by side for years without

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Have found THE shave that brings relief
From buzz-saw blades which rip the face
And scatter cusswords *every place!*

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Who know it pays to advertise,
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4 sealed Conrad double-edge Blades in one moisture-proof package for 25¢—with one extra blade FREE. If this Test Blade doesn't give you a far superior shave, return the unbroken package of 4 blades and get your 25¢ back. Remember—we guarantee that the other 4 blades in the package are exact duplicates of the free "test" blade.

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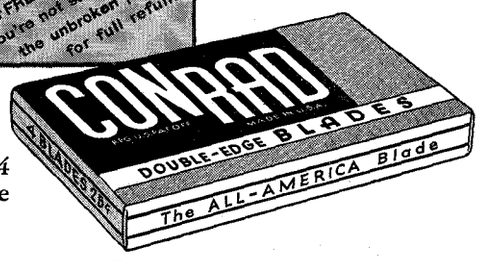

The Package of 4
plus the Free Test Blade

CONRAD DOUBLE-EDGE *Blades*

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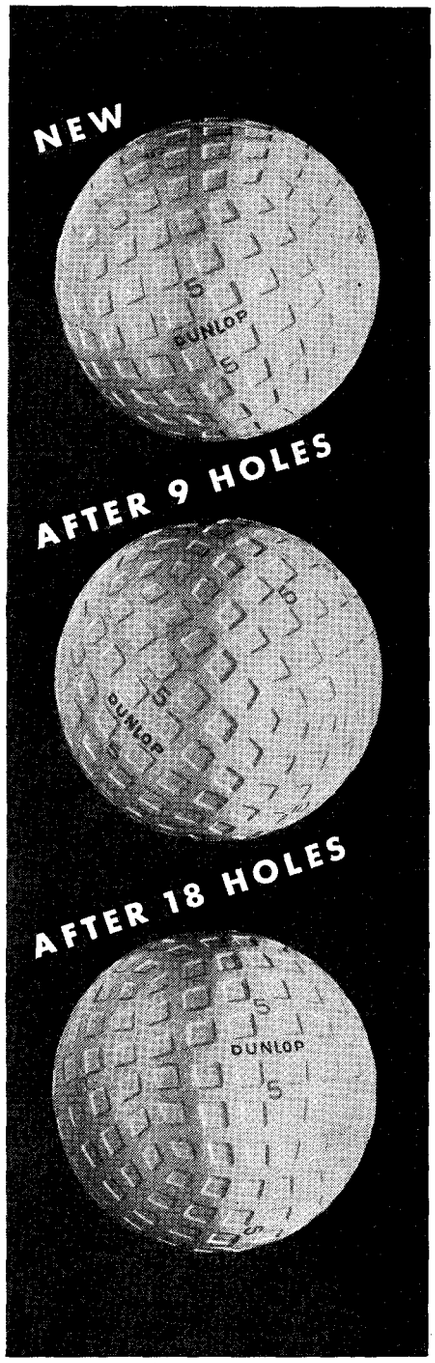
A story without words

Or why more and more golfers turn to the imported Dunlop



FROM UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPHS

THE IMPORTED
DUNLOP

ever taking a good look at each other broke their metropolitan silence to ask for news of Seppi. All our combined information about him seemed to be that he lived somewhere vaguely outside the city; his wife was Teresa; he had eight bambinos, and a gold watch his uncle had brought him from Italy. Which furnished no clue to his disappearance. After more than a month had passed, we gave up listening for the opera tang of his hawking and resumed our neighborly silence.

THEN, as unaccountably as he had left us, four months later Seppi was back. The same wide grin and formidable whiskers, the same charming, democratic informality. Just a Tuesday morning, a beating on the door, the deep bass:

"Hey, you, Miz Rin, swell banan today, how bout? How you, huh?"

A few glaring changes were manifest. A soiled bandage encircled his head under the familiar hat; several ugly scars showed signs of recent healing across the amiable landscape of his face, one of them veering in dangerously close to the right eye; an unusual yellowness of complexion instead of the Mediterranean bronze.

"Why, hello, Seppi." I really felt the keen pleasure of renewing an old and pleasant friendship. "Where on earth have you been? Were you in an automobile accident?"

"Naw, uh-uh, no auta, but troble, pleny troble for Seppi. Hospit, pleece, courts, losa much biz, costa me pleny, tousand dollar, maybe. Huh, pleny troble—"

"Why, you poor thing, what happened to you?"

"I tell you how, disaway. I buy lil house in the contree—not too far, jus lil house, lil yard, get him pleny cheap. My wife she planta onion, flower, I tell you we liva nice. Then Beega Polocka he buy house next door. Polockas no dam good anyhow. My wife she say we gonna have troble with Polocka. She right." He spat for emphasis and settled himself against the door jamb.

"Bimeby we buy swell car, fifty dollar—you knowa, Ford—we go ride through contree, see Merica, fine time. My boy, beeg keed now, eighteen, nineteen, tweny maybe, he drive car swell. We keep car in front yard. No fence keep Polocka yard outa my yard. Someday Polocka fuss. My boy tell me Polocka he say we park car in his yard, my boy say he park in my yard. Polocka wanna fight, gotta beeg knife. I tell my boy, you keepa

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way. I see bout Polocka. Nex day I go see real-state man, he bring lawyer, look at my yard, look at Polocka yard, write in book, put lil sticks in ground. He say, Seppi you alla time right. This you yard, that Polocka yard. Keep car this side of lil sticks, nobody's biz.

"I go tell Polocka, tell him keep beeg mouth much shut up. I park my swell car in my yard. He make beeg noise, ver mad. I go way. Nex day I come home in swell car, put him in yard, get out and start go way. My boy he hollar, lookouta, Pop! There come Beega Polocka, ver mad, ver beeg knife. Mucha troble he make for Seppi—hospit, pleece, losa much mon—"

"HOW horrible!" I burst out: visions of poor Seppi, the innocent foreign victim of our blundering courts. "Do you mean they put *you* in jail, Seppi?"

He nodded sombrely. "Hospit longa time, jail longa time. All fix up but costa much mon."

"Well," I said sympathetically, "I certainly hope that Polock stays in jail for a good long time."

"No," said Seppi, quite cheerfully. "Beega Polocka no go to jail."

"What! He didn't even go to jail!" I burned with indignation at the story of such rank injustice dealt our simple, friendly Seppi. I decided instantly I would pull a few strings, I knew a few of the higher-ups . . .

"No, Miz, Beega Polocka no go to jail. Beega Polocka dead."

Seppi grinned broadly, showing the amiable and elaborate bridgework, there was a slight shrug of distinctly Latin flavor, and as one pal to another we dismissed the incident.

"Swell banan today, Miz . . .

—GERTRUDE CURTIS RYAN

•

The beauty of white marble is not to be compared with the beauty of a good wife and mother who, day by day, cares for her family.—*People's Popular Monthly.*

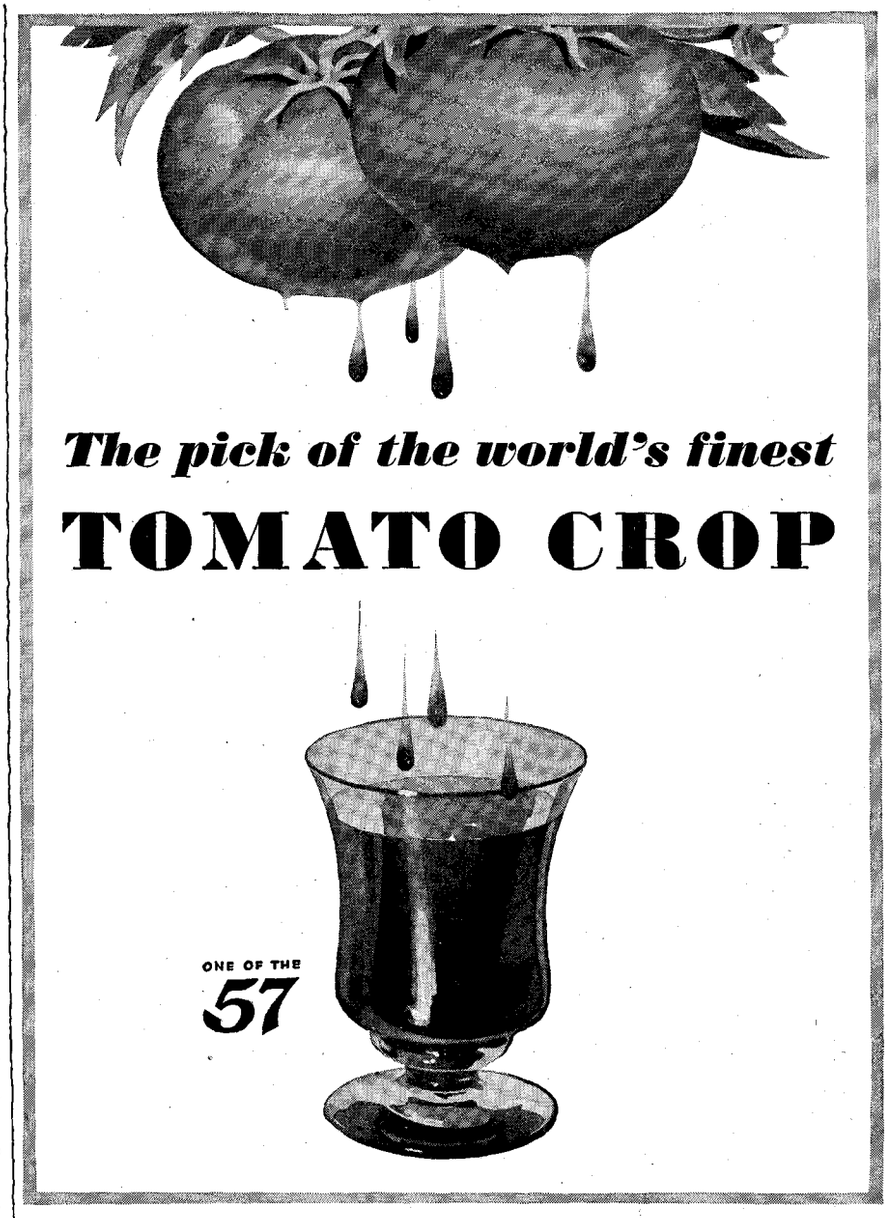
Well, have you ever caught us trying to compare them?

•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPARTMENT

[*From the World-Telegram*]

WREXHAM, England (UP). — The massacre of 2,000 monks at the Battle of Chester, in 613 A.D., when they were helping the Welsh against the Northumbrian Saxons, will be re-enacted at the 1933 Welsh National Eisteddfod.



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

ANYBODY who reads this column for the sake of finding out where to buy dog collars, books of cocktail recipes, and lotions for removing the skin without damaging the freckles, might just as well stop right now, for I am up to serious business. I'm looking for Significant Trends, that's what, among the wholesale designers and manufacturers around town, so that you can start to plan the first dress of autumn. So far—well, it's like this:

Although I have seen more slick, simple black dresses lately, for day and evening, than I have been able to find heretofore, the dresses in the new colors are much more interesting. One type of daytime shade that everyone is taking up heavily can be described variously as plum, garnet, mulberry, reddish-raisin, burgundy, grape. Anyway, dark, reddish-mauve colors of all sorts. There is a revival of the good old henna here and there, and flashes of orange, particularly in blouses and details. There are browns with pink-cocoa tones, looking newer than the familiar browns with orange tints hidden in them. Every once in a while, a black-brown tête-de-nègre shows up, usually combined with white, that makes me ask: "How much?" For evening, all kinds of fuchsia tones are with us again; brilliant purple, bright red, electric blues, and the like are mixed up to make devastating color tones.

And there is black. *And* white. Naturally. The boys and girls like red and black and orange and black together, but those combinations remind me of the Village tearooms which I would rather forget. Also, that bright electric-blue that appears occasionally looks tawdry to me in wool. Give me the Kelly billiard-greens any time.

AS for fabrics, there seem to be fewer knits, though the wools break out and try to look like knits every now and then, getting even for past seasons when knits were forever looking like tweeds. Also, the day fabrics, wools and the like, have tamed down a lot so far as surface is concerned. They're nowhere near as nubbly: herringbone cashmere tweeds, instead of rough ones; Chanel jerseys, ribbed (but not ostentatiously) or faintly meshy in appearance. Sheer wools looking like fine homespuns, looking like roma, looking like canton, are all around. Kiam has his own wool which he uses and uses: a very fine, soft cord. The silks are dull-finished, too; there is a spongy romaine that looks like a sheer light wool, another that resembles serge, another mimicking wool georgette (they call this a sheer canton, or something). For evening, everybody has gone nuts about a new mat velvet; it is soft and pliable like transparent velvet, but has the aristocratic, opaque, dull finish of Lyons, without its clumsiness. Another thing they all adore is cabossol (everyone spells it differently), which has a vaguely crinkly surface and a subdued, satiny sheen. Bagheera velvet, which looks like wool and feels as voluptuous as possible, is around. For afternoons, this fabric, in black, has that quietly-but-luxuriously-dressed look that might solve the theatre-with-a-hat problem. Lamé appears, too, for formal evening gowns and the jackets, sleeves, and details of in-between gowns. So does embroidery of the Chinese or East Indian type.

So far as lines are concerned, individual reports, this week and next, on our American designers will have to speak for themselves. Already you know that most of the ingenuity this season is concentrated around necks and shoulders: dresses end starkly around the base of the throat, ascend to tiny Victorian collars, or are ornamented with wide Ascot scarves or with the most intricate drapery around the collarbone. Whatever way it is managed, the high neckline in front is queen, which is bad news for big-

"Few people realize the romance connected with these sashes, an' what I mean is they're cool, too."

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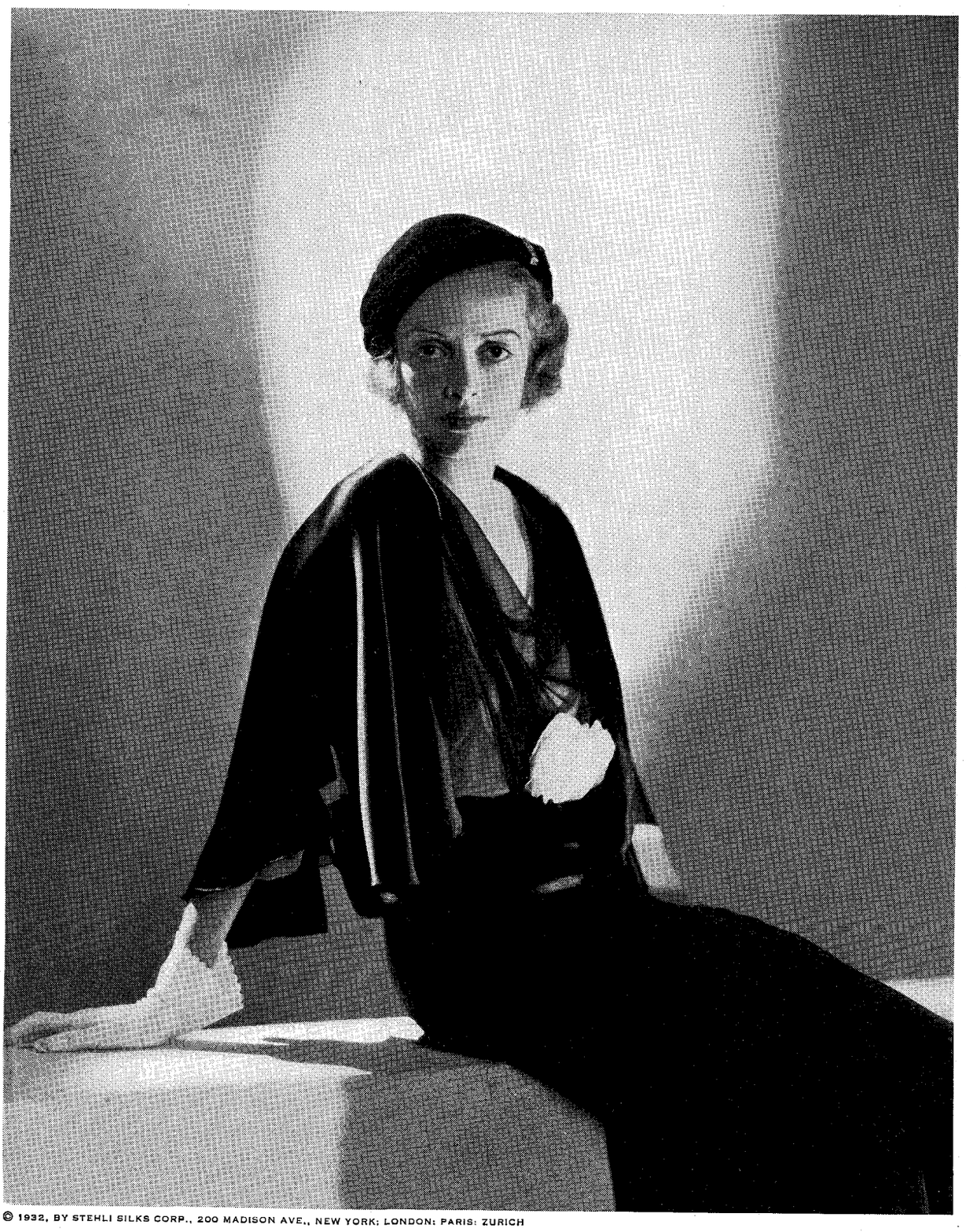
Stehli's Gardenia Satin is lovely as the flower that names it . . . satin on *both sides*, like a gardenia petal . . . another achievement of Stehli weaving. The afternoon or informal dinner dress illustrated may be purchased in black, brown or white, at **FRANKLIN SIMON & CO.**

GARDENIA . . .



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chested girls. Besides this, there are all kinds of detachable gadgets to make dresses with - or - without mysteries. Jackets, tiny capes all around, fur panels fastening in bows—every possible contrivance appears that looks like a part of the dress until removed. Otherwise, skirt lengths, waistlines, and shoulderlines remain about the same.

NOW for details: Germaine Monteil's evening clothes are gems, as usual. She does them in lamé brocades, velvets, cabossol, satins, everything. Most of them have slight trains for you to cut off after the second wearing; she is slashing skirts almost knee high, sometimes in one place only and sometimes at intervals all around. Wide shoulder-straps are popular with her, starting from a high-across décolletage in front. When they descend straight instead of coming into a "V" in back, the dress is wrapped closely through the waistline at the bottom of the décolletage for that snug look through the small of the back that is so flattering. All kinds of capes accompany these: reversed ones, high across the front and tied low in back; all-around-the-neck ones; or stiff little silver collars reminiscent of Jeanne d'Arc. She has also done an evening coat that couldn't be smarter. Just a swagger sports coat, ending a bit above the knees, with a huge Ascot scarf. I saw it in black faille with pink polka dots, and in green-and-gold brocade; both sublime. For daytime, she loves Ascot ties of all sorts and, with her suits, little tuck-in blouses buttoned all the way up to the throat and fastened with a tiny turnover collar, knotted tabs, or tabs crossed and buttoned. And her sleeves are interesting. They grow out of woollen dresses, suits, and things without seams over the shoulders, and yet, somehow, have no bagginess under the arm. On the contrary, the sleeves usually fit very closely just below the shoulder, however much they may swell out further down. Monteil also has a yen for contrasting sleeves set way into the dress, with the body of the dress coming up in "V"s at the back. I can't go for these much. But her suits with swagger jackets extending halfway between the hips and the knees are worth your reconnoitring.

NETTIE ROSENSTEIN is the fuchsia girl this season when it comes to evening clothes. You find reddish purple with bright-blue shoes and accessories, dark wine with red flowers—

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FACE THE SUN

. . with cosmetics that protect as they glorify

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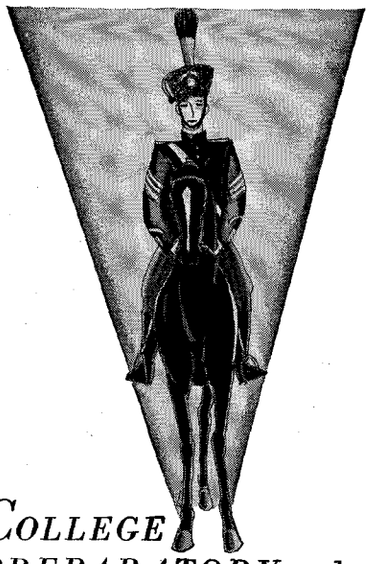
things like that. The most startling is a dress of midnight-blue crêpe with a brassière bodice, half red and half purple, knotted up to a red and a purple flower. The navy bolero is also knotted so high as to show the flowers. Rosenstein seems to love this high-knotted effect, with the dress wrapping upward to it over the ribs. She also likes wide shoulder-straps. Scarves that are high in front, and fall into angel wings or a low cowl in back, are prominent too. Crescent pins, of the jewelled type, are a sort of trademark of hers this year. In the daytime, she likes sleeves tight from wrist to elbow, and pronounced leg-of-mutton effects above, with sharp creases in them in the back. Besides all of this, her black day dresses, of whatever fabric, are knockouts. I was particularly crazy about simple ones of black bagheera; ideal for that cocktail party that is going to drift on to dinner and then whither, whither?

OMAR KIAM, who can turn out wool dresses that would convert Hope Hampton to simple clothes, has knockouts as usual. Many of them are completely imbued with the golf-dress spirit: they have Hermès-type belts of leather with tailored-metal, natural-wood, or leather buckles; convertible collars with jaunty Ascot scarves tied over them; patch pockets; yoke details; and everything in the best tradition. Another sports whimsy is the turtle-neck collar (detachable, so's not to frighten you); it appears in chartreuse, spraying out over the shoulders and all around, on a brown dress, and above the lowish turnover scarf of another. Kiam's colors are elegant: dahlia, with a nasturtium scarf; bright-green wool, with black sleeves to match the belt emerging below the short, slashed green sleeves; dusty green and brown; lots of bright green with just the right red. For contrast, he made the simplest black-and-white dress in town: a two-piece woollen one with a tiny school-teacher turnover collar and cuffs of white piqué. For very towny clothes, he likes detachable things at the throat (as everybody does).

THESE talented designers will not sell direct to you, you retail consumer, you, but the classy department stores and ready-to-wear sections of specialty shops will be quite ready when you yearn for early-autumn clothes in a couple of weeks. Meantime, more designers will be discussed in our next.

—L. L.



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THE RACE TRACK

The Pace That Kills—Disconcerting Gusto—A Derby Goes to Apprentice

TOP FLIGHT can't beat the colts. Sadly we shut off our special television machine last weekend. To us, the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park was just another race for three-year-olds. Still, we were right about one thing: horses who try to step the first six furlongs with Top Flight don't finish in the money. Obviously, Faireno couldn't take it, but Top Flight brought about her own defeat. Would we rather be right than touch, as they say at Auteuil, a twenty-dollar mutuel? We would not! Nevertheless, we would not have picked Gusto, who swept past everything in the stretch to win easily.

Gusto was gazed at by some people with feelings of positive exasperation after he had finished second to Faireno in the Dwyer Stakes at Aqueduct a fortnight before. You see, he had won the American Derby in a gallop and it had been argued that he would win much more easily at a mile and a half than he had at a mile and a quarter. Then came disillusionment, for Faireno led all the way easily. Gusto did make up some ground, but it reminded one of the story of the optimistic apprentice jockey. He was riding in a four-mile race against McLaughlin, who was on the favorite. Round and round the track they went—it seemed as though they were running all afternoon—and at the end the favorite, who had led throughout, won by a neck. As they rode back to weigh in, the apprentice rider said: "It's lucky for you this race wasn't a sixteenth of a mile longer; I would have beaten you sure."

Yes, we have no good three-year-olds. If the class in Improving the Breed of the Thoroughbred will please turn to their form books, it can be proved that Apprentice is top of the list. He beat Flag Pole (obviously the best horse in The Belmont), who beat Economic, second in the Kentucky Derby and twice conqueror of Faireno, who, by the way, has beaten Gusto twice.

SOMEHOW, Empire City does not seem quite the same without a band to play "The Wearing of the Green" after Jim Butler wins a race. Of course, the management must economize, but we missed the customary flourishes and ruffles after Apprentice won the Empire City Derby last Saturday. The race was quite as much a triumph for Earl Sande, who rode Apprentice, as for the colt bred at East View Farm. The Wheatley Stable's Dark Secret probably would have won had he not gone unnecessarily wide at the turn into the stretch to carry C. V. Whitney's Clotho out (needless business, for Clotho was beaten at that stage of the proceedings), losing several lengths. Here Sande slipped Apprentice through on the rails and rode hard, getting home by a head.

Dusty days these at Empire City: the motor sprinkler doesn't make half enough trips over the course, the boys on the lawn say. One hears less complaint from the collectors of autographs than at Aqueduct, although a number of horses backed by smart money have been winning. However, an equal number of good things have become unstuck. Diogenes Checkpoints says the Paramount Stable's horses are not the public's.

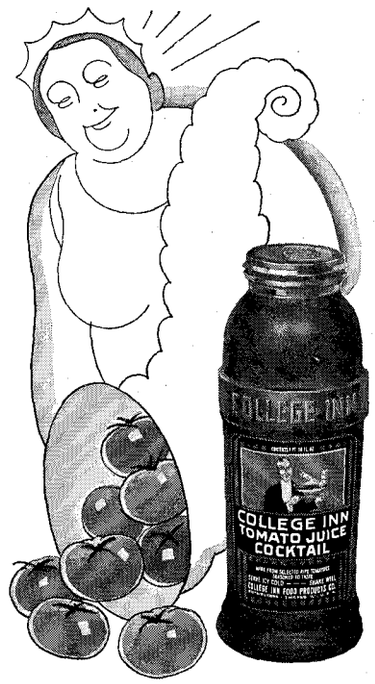
NOT much more television. However, Equipoise runs for the Arlington Handicap this weekend. We hope to get even for Top Flight. The Honourable George doesn't believe Mrs. Jock Whitney's Crowning Glory is the best two-year-old out. We also suggest decision be reserved until Crowning Glory meets Caterwaul in the Saratoga Special.

THE MORNING LINE: The Glen Riddle Farm horses have the slows. . . . Earl Sande has ridden so many winners that he may not go to France after all. . . . Most of the outside men who haven't gone collegiate (though they're all graduates of Moler's) are wearing those white caps —at least they were white once. . . . The Empire City management continues to cut the overhead: half the usual number of ticket-sellers at the gates Saturdays. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Governor Roosevelt sailed the Myth up to 100 feet of the dock, then turned away when he seen the extent of the crowd.—*The Herald Tribune.*

They seen him first, evidently.



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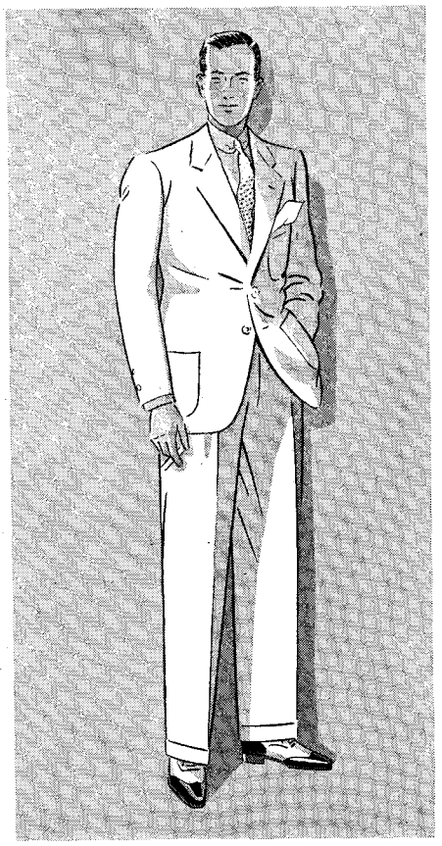

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HORSE SHOWS AND HUNTS

A Straight Ticket—The Judges Pick a Gentle Gait—Horses for Classes

JUDGING hunters at the Fairfield Show, at least for the three M.F.H.'s who pinned the ribbons, was as simple as voting is to a ward politician. Six horses, more or less, comprised the ticket; and practically no strange names crept in, even for the lowly white ribbons. The only variation was the graph that each horse's successes described: the Gimbels' His Elegance won several blues the first day, then sank to seconds; the Franks' Upperland was way down at first and subsequently came to the top rapidly; the Warfields' Prince Charming won four blues and the championship on the final day. Sprinkled through these ups and downs were awards for the beautifully mannered if slightly long-waisted Wood Pigeon, the behemoth Weary River, Trolly, and Alhaja. The rest was silence, although there were many splendid performances turned in by the independents.

A curious reaction on the part of the three Masters of Hounds, Henry Vaughan, Rufus Finch, and Downy Bonsal (who in addition is practically the Garrison of post-and-rail racing) was the way they penalized speed—and we do not mean dangerous racing—over the most ideal galloping course in the country. Long and level, with fair and well-spaced jumps, it seems made to test a horse's ability to go at a brisk hunting pace; but they put a premium on a gait that was practically a hand canter. Granted that we have all ridden loathsome pulling brutes out hunting, to whom we would have presented all the grain on the wide prairie if they would but assume such a canter; on the other hand, it would indeed be a pack of mouse hounds that would not run away from so gentle a gait.

WHILE on the subject of a new platform for judging hunters, let us look at the travesty presented by the Suitable Class. Presumably intended to bring out and encourage really green youngsters, it contained at Fairfield, as it has at many other shows, seasoned horses six years old that have won enough blues to paper a room. Either the class should be for four-year-olds and under, or, if it can be thought that a horse is not a full-panoplied hunter at six, the entries should be limited to nonwinners. The Virginians have a word for it: they ask the three-year-olds to jump three feet; all over that age, four; with the result that one bad jump by a gangling, fallible youngster doesn't throw him out, as it does in the effete Northeast.

SADDLE horses presented no such charmed circle as the hunters: the judges not only pinned them as they saw them, but carefully read the specifications of the various classes and picked horses to fit them. The Tobeys' lovely little mare, Lady Mary, is most cleverly placed by that fox of the game, her trainer, Jimmie Thompson, and so is rarely beaten; for at her best she can defeat most all the small horses, and suffers no disgrace by being beaten on her one meeting with them in the stake. The Joseph Murrays' recent buy, Rod La Rue, got away to a flying start the first day, and climaxed his brief Eastern career by beating the pack, including Flowing Gold, in the Park Type Class; but after that it was farewell, at least temporarily, to all his greatness, for he went off like the stock market on Saturdays and wasn't in the ribbons. Flowing Gold is no longer the invincible winner he was last summer. That arduous campaign took toll and, although still young in years, he is beginning to have the brittle look of ladies who admit, not to our surprise, that they are over thirty.

What with the Polka Dot Farms and the Jersey Shore contingent of the Cunnels Buchsbaum and Henderson cutting down overhead by not showing, the saddle ranks are a bit thin and stale. There seems little question that Mountain Echo isn't the best horse in the East, as he was judged at Devon; but even though he might walk over the opposition, everyone likes to see a real artist perform. —TOUCH AND GO

•

Mr. P. T. Eckersley, the Lancashire County cricket captain, left England on Saturday for South America on a sea voyage for benefit of his wife's health. He expects to be away about six weeks. —*Manchester Guardian.*

Probably he'd go to any lengths, for the woman he loves.

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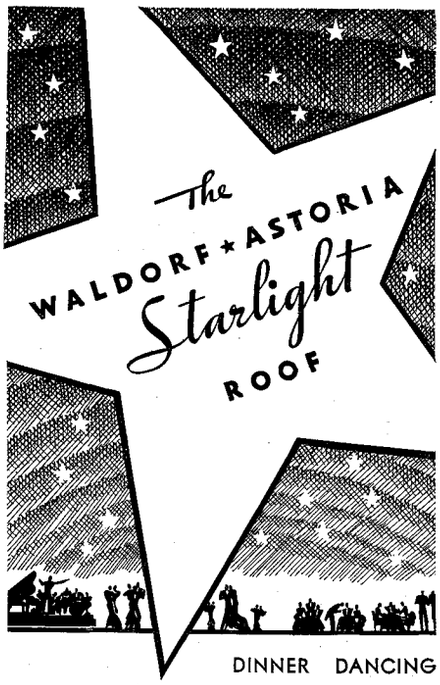

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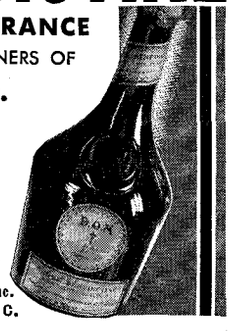


POPULAR RECORDS

Pickings and Pickens— New Tenor and Newer Torcher — Masterpieces

BRUNSWICK is offering some new records by Patti; but students of the art of the prima donna needn't get all a-dither, because this Patti is designated, casually, "The Banjo Wizard." He does queer things to the "St. Louis Blues" and the "Tiger Rag," and if you care for weird strummings, Patti is your prescription (Brunswick 6324).

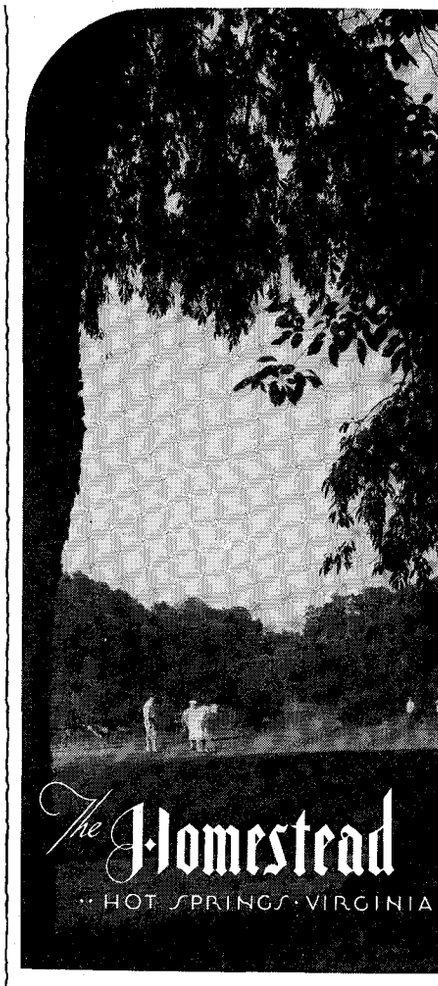
The Pickens Sisters, who also strum, although they do it by the adroit handling of nasal tones, continue their series of vocal oddities with revivals of "San" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" (Victor 24025), which is as attractive a doubling as you'll find nowadays.

Donald Novis, who sings on the radio around suppertime—sings for your supper, if you please—now emerges from his whilom disc rôle as vocal choruser and makes records on his own for Victor. His easy cooings sound winsomely on No. 24020, which uses "By the Fireside" and "Good Night, My Love" as demonstrative material. A torch baritone of whom I hadn't heard previously is Harlan Lattimore, who uncorks some elegant heartbreaks in "With Summer Coming On" and "Strange as It Seems" on Columbia 2671-D. He's not entirely a novelty in style, but he achieves a good deal of conviction in his mournfulness.

One of the year's best exhibits in the performance of postgraduate popular music comes with Dana Suesse's charming "Jazz Nocturne" and Zez Confrey's "Buffoon," both done with an almost Mozartian touch by the versatile Nathaniel Shilkret and his orchestra, who always make the most of musical moods (Victor 24028).

WHETHER you're dancing on the edge of a volcano or merely in the privacy of your home, you may find the required stimulus in some of these new rhythmic offerings:

NIGHT SHALL BE FILLED WITH MUSIC and JUST ANOTHER DREAM OF YOU—Joe Moss and his Orchestra. Bright but neatly restrained scorings and tempi by



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OF THE
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Your dealer will supply you; if not, write us.

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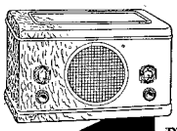
Superheterodyne at New Low Price



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an orchestra to which you may have heard "O.K."s yelled by various radio maestri of ceremonies. (*Columbia 2673-D*)

My Silent Love and Hummin' to Myself—Phil Spitalny's Music. A great deal of dancing to rich harmonies for a low price. (*Hit-of-the-Week F4-5*)

Tell Me Why You Smile, Mona Lisa and The Voice in the Old Village Choir—Victor Young and the Brunswick Orchestra. Lush and effective transcriptions of two prevalent airs, with exceptional vocal inserts by Frank Munn. (*Brunswick 6309*)

Paradise and Scattin' the Skeeter Scoot—Dell Lampe Orchestra. A new fox-trot edition of "Paradise" and something or other that moves along vivaciously, both managed expertly. (*Victor 24010*)

Cabin in the Cotton and Hummin' to Myself—Ben Selvin and his Orchestra. Straightforward expositions of dance business, recorded with efficiency and volume. (*Columbia 2669-D*)

Lullaby of the Leaves and Betty Boop—Phil Spitalny's Music. Another sample of Mr. Spitalny's multifold abilities. (*Hit-of-the-Week F3-4*)

The Song That Broke My Heart and Living in Dreams—Enric Madriguera and his Orchestra. This ensemble has a certain veiled quality that sets off its dramatic moments graphically. Don't be fooled by the label. "The Song That Broke My Heart" is a waltz, and a good one. (*Brunswick 6316*)

Daybreak and Toselli's Serenade—Paul Whiteman and his Orchestra. A new effort by the gifted Hoagy Carmichael teamed with foxtrotteries built about the famous serenata, Roy Bargy being the tasteful arranger. (*Victor 24017*)

—Pop

•

SWALLOW PENTHOUSE

With harsh, domestic argument,
Continuous and violent,
They build their house, and plaster mud
As if 'twere mixed with bright bird blood;
She scolds the moment he arrives,
The shadows of his wings are knives
Which cut the sunshine of the grass
Yet leave it whole—all day must pass
Before he'll dare to snatch his rest
Within their snug and mutual nest;

Their voices squeak like rusty springs,
And I forget, in quarrellings
From earliest dawn to first of night,
The silent beauty of their flight.

—Patience Eden

•

Ours, of course, was the room right over the kitchen; a room with only a cot in it, and one tiny window which let in little air. A hurried glance told us that this was really the sewing room, fitted up for weekends for any unmarried man; and thither would be sure to come, in the early hours, a seamstress looking for a thimble.—*"March of Events" page in the American.*

Quite a well-appointed little guest-room.

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A FAMOUS FINE CAR

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Today's circumstances permit of no half-measures. America's finest motor car manufacturer has decided to move a few remaining models of very recent production, regardless of cost. This means a rare chance for a few people to own a new and distinguished fine car for an incredibly small outlay, plus the maximum used-car allowance.

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"BLUMENFRAU von LINDENAU"
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"AREN'T WE ALL?"

The New Comedy Success!
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"OF THEE I SING"
A New Musical Comedy
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WILLIAM GAXTON LOIS MORAN VICTOR MOORE
MUSIC BOX Thea. 45th St. W. of B'way. Eves. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Victims of the Public—Miss Twelvetrees Comes to Court—Back to the Simple Life

THERE is a rumor that we are now to have a series of pictures about Hollywood life. There is also one that Washington is to be the milieu of a number of films. Perhaps as a way of preparing us for the revelations of these two fantastic localities, "Freaks" was the dainty prelude. However that may be, the first Hollywood treatise appears, called—oh, so inevitably—"What Price Hollywood." Miss Constance Bennett of the poignant eyes is our heroine, and it is her rôle to depict the rise of a star, and that lady's fall at last into the abysmal depths of marriage with a millionaire sportsman. With her serviceable appearance, Miss Bennett plays the rôle nicely, of course, and there is about the general treatment of the manners and customs of this much-publicized town a certain common sense; and common sense, it is to be noted, when applied to Hollywood life, always produces a comic quality. The picture, being not without a suggestion of authenticity, is therefore often quite funny, though it is not otherwise especially enlivening. Lowell Sherman, somewhat sacrificing his more adept suavity for the more obnoxious traits of Lionel Barrymore, is cast as a brilliant director who goes to the devil through drink. The general settings of the studio world have their interest for us outsiders, perhaps, though most of us may be too ghoulish to be much touched by the sentimentalized picture of these great screen figures as victims of the carping public. One feels they have their compensations in spite of all. Only a movie star, for instance, would presume, we fancy, to demand of a suitor who invites her to dinner at his hotel that he have a thirty-piece orchestra and a service of gold plate. We are privileged also in this picture, it should perhaps be told, glimpses of such historic spots as Grauman's Chinese Theatre and the Brown Derby.

THE recent abeyance of courtroom films is allayed this week by the veteran and loyal Bayard Veiller, who hardly considers anything material for stage or screen unless somehow there is a jury to set it off. "Unashamed," for a moment only, promises something unusual in screen psychology when we have a sister remaining true to the memory of her lover even to the extent of seeing her brother sent to the chair. The young woman's ruthlessness, after her brother has shot her scamp of a Lothario, is unusual in screen pathology; but a sudden twist of temper, one of those inexplicable breaks in humor common to the most ordinary fiction, relieves the film of any weight of originality it might have had to carry. The beautiful thought of the week, however, is contained in the competent dialogue of this piece, and will be, no doubt, a comfort to many. "The shortest word in the English language will protect any woman's honor," announces Mr. Lewis Stone in reference to Miss Twelvetrees' affair of the heart, "and that word is 'No.'"

THE charms of the simple life are exalted in "Lady and Gent," with George Bancroft and Wynne Gibson, and in "The Purchase Price," with Barbara Stanwyck, that young woman whose unrelieved commonplaceness has endeared her to many. In the first picture, a night-club entertainer becomes at last the president of the Better Yards and Gardens Club in a small town, and ages soberly into honorable matrimony among the rustics. In the second, a dance-hall girl finds happiness, love, security even, with a farmer in the great Northwest, and apparently never for a moment regrets her torch songs and her diamond bracelets as she ploughs the fields and milks the cows.

—J. C. M.

•

Dear Mr. White: When you hear the voice at the other end of the wire say, "This is Frances Mendelson"—it is! You are speaking directly with Frances Mendelson.—*Letter from a laundry.*

And when you hear the receiver being put quietly back on the hook, it is being done by *our own* hand.

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A number of Detroit families have summer homes on beautiful Torch Lake. Among them are Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frederick Hibbard, jr., who have an attractive home in a woodsy spot constructed of logs and Mrs. Harlow N. Davock.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We'll bet it's draughty.

Does Summer bring you

CONEY ISLAND HAIR?

DON'T let your hair get that "Coney Island Look" this summer. Swim as much as you like. Play golf bareheaded in the sun. Luxuriate under the cold shower—your hair won't mind if you use Kreml regularly. This marvelous German Hair Tonic keeps hair in the pink of condition in spite of sun, wind and water. Removes dandruff, makes your hair lie down and behave. Women find it economical to use because it makes waves last much longer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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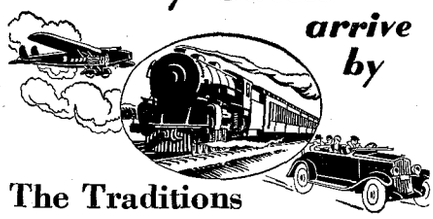
in Colonial Days

Guests arrived by

To-day *Guests arrive by*



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**Introduction by Guest Card*

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STORIES OF TODAY

CATECHISM

Q.—Of one hundred and twenty-five bills
Recently introduced
Into the New York Legislature
To reform archaic laws,
How many bills
Finally reached
Governor Roosevelt
For his signature?

A.—One.

POINT OF LAW

Anson H. Pratt
Sued the City of Ottawa
When his goldfish died,
Claiming their demise
Was due to the chlorination
Of the local water supply.

The court ruled
That a municipality
Is not obligated
To provide water
Conducive to the health
Of pet fish.

BIGGER AND BETTER

The Reverend John Blatter,
Resident of Rome,
Announced his completion
Of the longest poem in the world:
Twenty-five thousand verses.

He proudly pointed out
His poem contained
Fifteen thousand more verses
Than Dante's magnum opus,
And that he included
Three visits to the Inferno,
While Dante's poem
Embraced only one.

BIOLOGIC NOTE

Dr. Vernon Bailey,
Government scientist,
Raises young beavers,
And reports these animals
Are very much like children.

They cry when hungry,
Like to be rocked to sleep,
And show plenty of affection
But very little obedience.

THE DEPRESSION DEEPENS

The Carnegie Institute
Of Technology of Pittsburgh
Announced that the diplomas
Issued next year
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—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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BOOKS

Some Revivals

HAVE you noticed, in your search for summer reading, the excellent reprints that have been issued lately? I haven't been following all the recent publications of the Modern Library, but the few I've seen indicate that they are losing their earlier preoccupation with Tolstoi and Anatole France, and are rapidly coming up to date. Their issue of William Faulkner's "Sanctuary" I believe I've already mentioned in these columns, and there's little use reminding you that they've also brought out Ernest Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms," because you've probably already read it long ago. I almost think, though, it would be worth your while buying their edition at that, if only to read its very interesting reminiscent introduction by Ford Madox Ford, telling of his associations with the author in Paris, in the years just after the war.

Another recent Modern Library book, and one you're a little less likely to have seen when first published, is "A High Wind in Jamaica" (or, as it was originally called, "The Innocent Voyage"), Richard Hughes' charmingly diabolical story of the adventures of a group of children when they fall into the hands of pirates. If you haven't yet read this bright and brittle and exquisitely ironic little novel, I'd advise you to do so at once.

Maybe you've never read "Decline and Fall," by Evelyn Waugh, either. Though it's surely the best thing he's done, and will remain, in my mind at least, as the perfect parody on the life-in-a-public-school type of novel so dear to English authors, it got little attention when it was first published some three years ago. Farrar & Rinehart have just issued it in a new edition.

DUTTON, too, have recently started a collection of reprints, known as "The Open-Air Library." Their first two issues are "Nature in Downland, and An Old Thorn," by W. H. Hudson, and a volume of selections from Ivan Turgenev's shorter writings, also about nature and the rustic life, entitled "A Sportsman's Sketches." They announce also, for fall publication, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers," by Henry Thoreau—a work not so well known, perhaps, as "Walden," but I think

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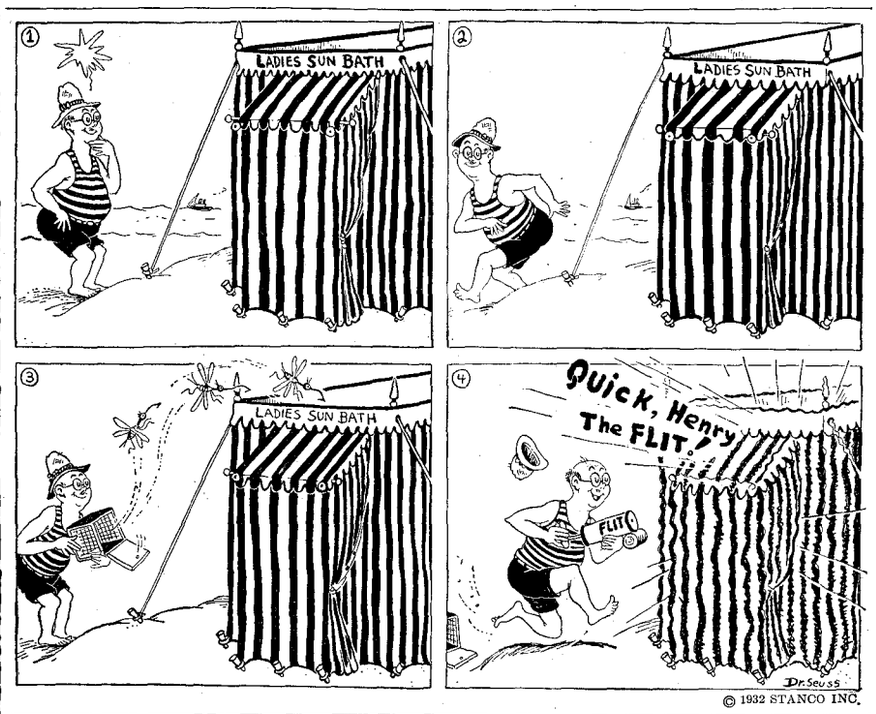

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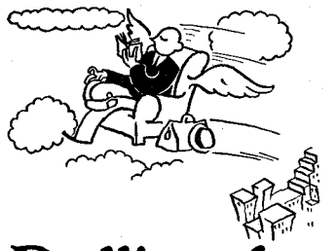

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equally delightful. If you like a long book, one you can wander about in at random, you might try "Heimskringla, or, The Lives of the Norse Kings," a recent translation by Erling Monsen and A. H. Smith, published by Appleton, of Snorre Sturlason's thirteenth-century chronicle of the adventures of the Vikings. You can open it anywhere and find yourself in the midst of wild sea voyages, battles, brandishings of axe and spear—all spiced with the high flavor of antiquity.

NOW, as to the new books—well, what is there? I might mention "A Preface to Death," by Fred Rothermell, published by Little, Brown, as being certainly the soundest piece of writing in this week's assortment, but about as gloomy a thing as you'd care to undertake reading. It's a story of two tubercular people and their love, and though convincingly done, it's certainly not light fiction.

The other things I've seen aren't terribly exciting. There's Joseph Hergesheimer's series of European travel sketches, "Berlin," published by Knopf—if you want to follow in the wake of a noted author making the Grand Tour. "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc," a collection of the original records of that historic affair, edited and translated by W. P. Barrett, and published by Gotham House, will appeal particularly to students of the subject, though even the general reader might find an interest in it, dipping into it as into a medieval drama. "The Clinic of Dr. Aicadre," by Muriel Harris, published by Harper, tells, in perhaps a bit too fustily Balzacian a way, of the troubles of a young French doctor caught up in the intrigues of the sour and greedy mountain peasantry—but again, there's the odor of iodoform permeating the narrative. —R. M. C.

•

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX. I am 21 years old and my wife is just 18. At present we are not living together, partly due to the employment situation and partly because she won't live with me.—*From a letter in the Dayton (Ohio) News.*

Things may pick up a little in the fall.

•

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